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In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

REVIEWS

Count Robert of Paris. By Sir Walter Scott.

It will be seen, in the letter from Abbotsford, that the above novel is not yet finished. But, to secure the copyright, it is necessary that it should be published simultaneously in America and in England; for that purpose, the proof-sheets are regularly transmitted across the Atlantic, and the American bookseller, less cautious or less particular than Mr. Cadell, has given the following very copious extract to the *National Gazette*, a literary Philadelphia paper, for a copy of which we are indebted to the same kind friend, to whom we have so often expressed our obligations. This is rather a strange and circuitous channel, to get an early notice of a work written at Abbotsford, and to be published in Edinburgh; but if there be any truth in the old proverb, "far fetched, and dear bought," &c., this specimen has journeyed miles enough, to be especially welcome to our lady readers.

The scene of the novel is laid at Constantinople, in the time of the first Crusade, about the close of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century—we put this doubtfully, for there are circumstances and persons mentioned, which, separately, would lead us to infer, first one, and then the other period, and which we cannot well reconcile. The point, however, is of no consequence—either period is full of character and stirring circumstances: half the virtuous, and more than half the vagabonds of Europe were assembled in the neighbourhood on the occasion; and Sir Walter can make election for his dramatis personæ, from heroes, saints, fanatics, and mercenaries—the herds of Asia, or the swarms of Europe. Of Count Robert himself, we know very little—Alexius and Anna Comnena may be read of in Gibbon—the Varangians were the body-guard of the Emperor, and, it is believed, English emigrants who fled from the despotism of the Conqueror, and, after long wandering, settled in Asia. These few words of introduction are, perhaps, more than sufficient, on a subject with which our readers will be quite as well informed as ourselves, after reading the extract.

This lecture carried the tutor and the pupil so far as to the side-door, and thence inducted them into a species of ante-room, from which Achilles led his Varangian forward, until a pair of folding-doors, opening into what proved to be a principal apartment of the palace, exhibited to the rough-bewn native of the north a sight equally new and surprising.

It was an apartment of the Palace of the Blaquerna, dedicated to the special service of the beloved daughter of the Emperor Alexius, the Princess Anna Comnena, known to our times by her literary talents, which record the history of

her father's reign. She was seated, the queen and sovereign of a literary circle, such as an imperial princess porphyrogenita, or born in the sacred purple chamber itself, could assemble in those days, and a glance around will enable us to form an idea of her guests or companions.

The literary Princess herself had the bright eye, straight features, and comely and pleasing manners, which all would have allowed to the Emperor's daughter, even if she could not have been, with severe truth, said to have possessed them. She was placed upon a small bench or sofa, the fair sex here not being permitted to recline, as was the fashion of the Roman ladies. A table before her was loaded with books, plants, herbs, and drawings. She sat on a slight elevation, and those who enjoyed the intimacy of the Princess, or to whom she wished to speak in particular, were allowed, during such sublime colloquy, to rest their knees on the little dais, or elevated place where her chair found its station, in a posture half standing, half kneeling. Three other seats of different heights were placed on the dais, and under the same canopy of state which overshadowed that of the Princess Anna.

The first, which strictly resembled her own chair in size and convenience, was once designed for her husband, Nicephorus Briennius. He was said to entertain or affect the greatest respect for his wife's erudition, though the courtiers were of opinion he would have liked to absent himself from her evening parties more frequently than was particularly agreeable to the Princess Anna and her imperial parents. This was partly explained by the private tattle of the court, which averred that the Princess Anna Comnena had been more beautiful when she was less learned; and that, though still a fine woman, she had somewhat lost the charms of her person, as she became enriched in her mind.

To atone for the lowly fashion of the seat of Nicephorus Briennius, it was placed as near to his princess as it could possibly be edged by the ushers, so that she might not lose one look of her handsome spouse, nor the least particle of wisdom which might drop from the lips of his erudite consort.

Two other seats of honour, or rather thrones,—for they had footstools placed for the support of the feet, rests for the arms, and embroidered pillows for the comfort of the back, not to mention the glories of the outspreading canopy,—were destined for the imperial couple, who frequently attended their daughter's studies, which she prosecuted in public in the way we have intimated. On such occasions, the Empress Irene enjoyed the triumph peculiar to the mother of an accomplished daughter, while Alexius, as it might happen, sometimes listened with complacency to the rehearsal of his own exploits in the inflated language of the princess, and sometimes mildly nodded over her dialogues upon the mysteries of philosophy, with the patriarch Zosimus and other sages.

All these four distinguished seats, for the persons of the imperial family, were occupied at the moment which we have described, excepting that which ought to have been filled by Nicephorus Briennius, the husband of the fair Anna Comnena. To his negligence and absence was perhaps owing the angry spot on the brow

of his fair bride. Beside her on the platform were two white-robed nymphs of her household; female slaves, in a word, who reposed themselves on their knees on cushions, when their assistance was not wanted as a species of living book-desks, to support and extend the parchment rolls, in which the princess recorded her own wisdom, or from which she quoted that of others. One of these young maidens, called Astarte, was so distinguished as a calligrapher, or beautiful writer of various alphabets and languages, that she narrowly escaped being sent as a present to the Caliph (who could neither read nor write), at a time when it was necessary to bribe him into peace. Violanto, usually called the Muse, the other attendant of the Princess, a mistress of the vocal and instrumental art of music, was actually sent in a compliment to soothe the temper of Robert Guiscard, the Arch-duke of Apulia, who, being aged and stone-deaf, and the girl under ten years old at the time, returned the valued present to the imperial donor, and, with the selfishness which was one of that wily Norman's characteristics, desired to have some one sent him who could contribute to his pleasure, instead of a twangling squalling infant.

Beneath these elevated seats there sat, or reposed on the floor of the hall, such favourites as were admitted. The Patriarch Zosimus, and one or two old men, were permitted the use of certain lowly stools, which were the only seats prepared for the learned members of the Princess's evening parties, as they would have been called in our days. As for the younger magnates, the honour of being permitted to join the imperial conversation was expected to render them far superior to the paltry accommodation of a joint-stool. Five or six courtiers, of different dress and ages, might compose the party, who either stood or relieved their posture by kneeling along the verge of an adorned fountain, which shed a mist of such very small rain as to dispel almost insensibly, cooling the fragrant breeze which breathed from the flowers and shrubs, that were so disposed as to send a waste of sweets around. One goodly old man, named Michael Agelastes, big, burly, and dressed like an ancient cynic philosopher, was distinguished by assuming, in a great measure, the ragged garb and mad bearing of the stoic, and by his inflexible practice of the strictest ceremonies exigible by the imperial family. He was known by an affectation of cynical principle and language, and of republican philosophy, strangely contradicted by his practical deference to the great. It was wonderful how long this man, now sixty years old and upwards, disdained to avail himself of the accustomed privilege of leaning or supporting his limbs, and with what regularity he maintained either the standing posture or that of absolute kneeling; but the first was so much his usual attitude, that he acquired among his court friends the name of Elephantos, or the Elephant, because the ancients had an idea that the half-reasoning animal, as it is called, has joints incapable of kneeling down.

"Yet I have seen them kneel when I was in the country of the Gymnosophists," said a person present on the evening of Hereward's introduction.

"To take up his master on his shoulders? so

will ours," said the patriarch Zosimus, with the slight sneer which was the nearest advance to a sarcasm, that the etiquette of the Greek court permitted: for on all ordinary occasions, it would not have offended the presence more surely, literally to have drawn a poniard, than to exchange a repartee in the imperial circle. Even the sarcasm, such as it was, would have been thought censurable by that ceremonious court in any but the patriarch, to whose high rank some licence was allowed.

Just as he had thus far offended decorum, Achilles Tatius and his soldier, Hereward, entered the apartment. The former bore himself with even more than a usual degree of courtliness, as even to set his own good-breeding off by a comparison with the inept bearing of his follower; while, nevertheless, he had a secret pride in exhibiting, as one under his own immediate and distinct command, a man whom he was accustomed to consider as one of the finest soldiers in the army of Alexius, whether appearance or reality were to be considered.

Some astonishment followed the abrupt entrance of the new comers. Achilles indeed glided into the presence with the easy and quiet extremity of respect which intimated his habitude in these regions. But Hereward started on his entrance, and perceiving himself in company of the court, hastily strove to remedy his disorder. His commander, throwing round a scarce visible shrug of apology, made then a confidential and monitory sign to Hereward to mind his conduct. What he meant was, that he should doff his helmet and fall prostrate on the ground. But the Anglo-Saxon, unaccustomed to interpret obscure inferences, naturally thought of his military duties, and advanced in front of the Emperor, as when he rendered his military homage. He made reverence with his knee, half touched his cap, and then, recovering and shouldering his axe, stood in advance of the imperial chair, as if on duty as a sentinel.

A gentle smile of surprise went round the circle as they gazed on the manly appearance, and somewhat unceremonious, but martial deportment of the northern soldier. The various spectators around consulted the Emperor's face, not knowing whether they were to take the intrusive manner of the Varangian's entrance as matter of ill-breeding, and manifest their horror, or whether they ought rather to consider the bearing of the life-guardsmen as indicating blunt and manly zeal, and therefore to be received with applause.

It was some little time ere the Emperor recovered himself sufficiently to strike a key-note, as was usual upon such occasions. Alexius Comnenus had been wrapt for a moment into some species of slumber, or at least absence of mind. Out of this he had been startled by the sudden appearance of the Varangian; for though he was accustomed to commit the outer guards of the palace to this trusty corps, yet the deformed blacks, whom we have mentioned, and who sometimes rose to be ministers of state and commanders of armies, were, on all ordinary occasions, intrusted with the guard of the interior of the palace. Alexius, therefore, awakened from his slumber, and the military phrase of his daughter still ringing in his ears as she was reading a description from the great historical work, in which she had detailed the conflicts of his reign, felt somewhat unprepared for the entrance and military deportment of one of the Saxon guard, with whom he was accustomed to associate, in general, scenes of blows, danger, and death.

After a troubled glance around, his look rested on Achilles Tatius. "Why here," he said, "trusty follower? why this soldier here at this time of night?" Here, of course, was the moment for modelling the visages, *regis ad exemplum*; but, ere the Patriarch could frame his countenance into devout apprehension of danger,

Achilles Tatius had spoken a word or two, which reminded Alexius' memory that the soldier had been brought there by his own special orders. "Oh, ay! true, good fellows," said he, smoothing his trouble brow; "we had forgot that passage among the cares of state." He then spoke to the Varangian with a countenance more frank, and a heartier accent than he used to his courtiers: for, to a despotic monarch, a faithful life-guardsmen is a person of confidence, while an officer of high rank is always in some degree a subject of distrust.—"Ha!" said he, "our worthy Anglo-Dane, how fares he?" This unceremonious salutation surprised all but him to whom it was addressed. Hereward, answered, accompanying his words with a military obeisance which partook of heartiness rather than reverence, with a loud unsubdued voice, which startled the presence still more that the language was Saxon, which these foreigners always use, "*Waes hael, Kaisar mirrig und machthigh!*"—that is, Be of good health, stout and mighty Emperor. The Emperor, with a smile of intelligence, to show he could speak to his guards in their own foreign language, replied, by the well-known counter-signal—"Drink hael!"

Immediately a page brought a silver goblet of wine. The Emperor put his lips to it, though he scarce tasted the liquor, then commanded it to be handed to Hereward, and bade the soldier drink. The Saxon did not wait till he was desired a second time, but took off the contents without hesitation. A gentle smile, decorous as the presence required, passed over the assembly, at a feat which, though by no means wonderful in a hyperborean, seemed prodigious in the estimation of the moderate Greeks. Alexius himself laughed more loudly than his courtiers thought might be becoming on their part, and mustering what few words of Varangian he possessed, which he eked out with Greek, demanded of his life-guardsmen—"Well, my bold Briton, or Edward, as men call thee, dost thou know the flavour of that wine?"

"Yes," answered the Varangian, without change of countenance, "I tasted it once before at Laodicea—"

Here his officer, Achilles Tatius, became sensible that his soldier approached delicate ground, and in vain endeavoured to gain his attention, in order that he might furtively convey to him a hint to be silent, or at least take heed what he said in such a presence. But the soldier, who, with proper military observance, continued to have his eye and attention fixed on the Emperor, as the prince whom he was bound to answer or to serve, saw none of the hints which Achilles at length suffered to become so broad, that Zosimus and the Proto-spathaire exchanged expressive glances, as calling on each other to notice the by-play of the leader of the Varangians.

In the meanwhile, the dialogue between the Emperor and his soldier continued: "How," said Alexius, "did this draught relish, compared with the former?"

"There is fairer company here, my liege, than that of the Arabian archers," answered Hereward, with a look and bow instinctive of good breeding: "nevertheless, there lacks the flavour which the heat of the sun, the dust of the combat, with the fatigue of wielding such a weapon as this (advancing his axe), for eight hours together, give to a cup of rare wine."

"Another deficiency there might be," said Agelastes the Elephant, of whom we have already spoken, "provided I am pardoned hinting at it," he added, with a look to the throne,—"it might be the smaller size of the cup compared with that at Laodicea."

"By Taranis, you say true!" answered the life-guardsmen: "at Laodicea I used my helmet."

"Let us see the cups compared together,

good friend," said Agelastes, continuing his railleury, "that we may be sure thou hast not swallowed the present goblet; for I thought, from the manner of the draught, there was a chance of its going down with its contents."

"There are some things which I do not easily swallow," answered the Varangian, in a calm and indifferent tone; "but they must come from a younger and more active man than you."

The company again smiled to each other, as if to hint that the philosopher, though also parcel wit by profession, had the worst of the encounter.

The Emperor at the same time interfered—"Nor did I send for thee hither, good fellow, to be baited by idle taunts."

Here Agelastes shrunk back in the circle, as a bound that has been rebuked by the huntsman for babbling—and the Princess Anna Comnena, who had indicated by her fair features a certain degree of impatience, at length spoke: "Will it then please you, my imperial and much-beloved father, to inform those blessed with admission to the Muses' temple, for what it is that you have ordered this soldier to be this night admitted to a place so far above his rank in life? Permit me to say, we ought not to waste, in frivolous and silly jests, the time which is sacred to the welfare of the empire, as every moment of your leisure must be."

"Our daughter speaks wisely," said the Empress Irene, who, like most mothers who do not possess much talent themselves, and are not very capable of estimating it in others, was, nevertheless, a great admirer of her favourite daughter's accomplishments, and ready to draw them out on all occasions. "Permit me to remark, that in this divine and selected palace of the Muses, dedicated to the studies of our well-beloved and highly-gifted daughter, whose pen will preserve your reputation, our most imperial husband, till the desolation of the universe, and which enlivens and delights this society, the very flower of the wits of our sublime court;—permit me to say, that we have, merely by admitting a single life-guardsmen, given our conversation the character of that which distinguishes a barracks."

Now the Emperor Alexius Comnenus had the same feeling with many an honest man in ordinary life when his wife begins a long oration, especially as the Empress Irene did not always retain the observance consistent with his awful rule and right supremacy, although especially severe in exacting it from all others, in reference to her lord. Therefore, though he had felt some pleasure in gaining a short release from the monotonous recitation of the Princess's history, he now saw the necessity of resuming it, or of listening to the matrimonial eloquence of the Empress. He sighed, therefore, as he said, "I crave your pardon, good our imperial spouse, and our daughter born in the purple chamber. I remember me, our most amiable and accomplished daughter, that last night you wished to know the particulars of the battle of Laodicea, with the heathenish Arabs, whom heaven confound! And for certain considerations which moved ourselves to add other inquiries to our own recollection, Achilles Tatius, our most trusty follower, was commissioned to introduce into this place one of those soldiers under his command, being such a one whose courage and presence of mind could best enable him to remark what passed around him on that remarkable and bloody day. And this I suppose to be the man brought to us for that purpose."

"If I am permitted to speak, and live," answered the Follower, "your Imperial Highness, with those divine princesses, whose name is to us as those of blessed saints, have in your presence the flower of my Anglo-Danes, or whatsoever unbaptized name is given to my soldiers. He is, as I may say, a barbarian of barbarians;

for, although in birth and breeding unfit to soil with his feet the carpet of this precinct of accomplishment and eloquence, he is so brave—so trusty—so devotedly attached—and so unhesitatingly zealous, that”—

"Enough, good Follower," said the Emperor, "let us only know that he is cool and observant, not confused and fluttered during close battle, as we have sometimes observed in you and other great commanders—and, to speak truth, have even felt in our imperial self on extraordinary occasions: which difference in man's constitution is not owing to any inferiority of courage, but, in us, to a certain consciousness of the importance of our own safety to the welfare of the whole, and to a feeling of the number of duties which at once devolve on us. Speak then, and speak quickly, Tatius; for I discern that our dearest consort, and our thrice-fortunate daughter, born in the imperial chamber of purple, seem to wax somewhat impatient."

"Hereward," answered Tatius, "is as composed and observant in battle as another in a festive dance. The dust of war is the breath of his nostrils; and he will prove his worth in combat against any four others, (Varangians excepted,) who shall term themselves your Imperial Highness's bravest servants."

"Follower," said the Emperor, with a displeased look and tone, "instead of instructing these poor, ignorant barbarians in the rules and civilization of our enlightened empire, you foster, by such boastful words, the idle pride and fury of their temper, which hurries them into brawls with the legions of other foreign countries, and even breeds quarrels among themselves."

"If my mouth may be opened in the way of most humble excuse," said the Follower, "I would presume to reply, that I but an hour hence talked with this poor ignorant Anglo-Dane, on the paternal care with which the Imperial Majesty of Greece regards the preservation of that concord which unites the followers of his standard, and how desirous he is to promote that harmony, more especially amongst the various nations who have the happiness to serve you, in spite of the blood-thirsty quarrels of the Franks, and other northern men, who are never free from civil broil. I think the poor youth's understanding can bear witness to this much in my behalf." He then looked towards Hereward, who gravely inclined his head in token of assent to what his captain said. His excuse thus ratified, Achilles proceeded in his apology more firmly. "What I have said even now was spoken without consideration; for, instead of pretending that this Hereward would face four of your Imperial Highness's servants, I ought to have said, that he was willing to defy six of your Imperial Majesty's most deadly enemies, and permit them to choose every circumstance of time, arms, and place of combat."

"That hath a better sound," said the Emperor; "and, in truth, for the information of my dearest daughter, who piously has undertaken to record the things which I have been the blessed means of doing for the empire, I earnestly wish that she should remember, that though the sword of Alexius hath not slept in its sheath, yet he hath never sought his own aggrandizement of fame at the price of bloodshed among his subjects."

"I trust," said Anna Comnena, "that in my humble sketch of the life of the princely sire from whom I derive my existence, I have not forgot to notice his love of peace and care for the lives of his soldiery, and abhorrence of the bloody manners of the heretic Franks, as one of his most distinguishing characteristics."

Assuming then an attitude more commanding, as one who was about to claim the attention of the company, the Princess inclined her head gently around to the audience, and taking a roll of parchment from the fair amanuensis, which

she had, in a most beautiful hand-writing, engrossed to her mistress's dictation, Anna Comnena prepared to read its contents.

At this moment the eyes of the Princess rested for an instant on the barbarian Hereward, to whom she designed this greeting—"Valiant barbarian, of whom my fancy recalls some memory, as if in a dream, thou art now to hear a work, which, if the author be put into comparison with the subject, might be likened to a portrait of Alexander, in executing which, some inferior dauber has usurped the pencil of Apelles; but which essay, however it may appear unworthy of the subject in the eyes of many, must yet command some envy in those who candidly consider its contents, and the difficulty of portraying the great personage concerning whom it is written. Still, I pray thee, give thine attention to what I have now to read, since this account of the battle of Laodicea, the details thereof being principally derived from his Imperial Highness, my excellent father, from the altogether valiant Proto-spathaire, his invincible general, together with Achilles Tatius, the faithful Follower of our victorious Emperor, may nevertheless be in some circumstances inaccurate. For it is to be thought, that the high offices of those great commanders retained them at a distance from some particularly active parts of the fray, in order that they might have more cool and accurate opportunity to form a judgment upon the whole, and transmit their orders, without being disturbed by any thoughts of personal safety. Even so, brave barbarian, in the art of embroidery, (marvel not that we are a proficient in that mechanical process, since it is patronized by Minerva, whose studies we affect to follow,) we reserve to ourselves the superintendence of the entire web, and commit to our maidens and others the execution of particular parts. Thus, in the same manner, thou valiant Varangian, being engaged in the very thickest of the affray before Laodicea, mayst point out to us, the unworthy historian of so renowned a war, those chances which befell where man fought hand to hand, and where the fate of war was decided by the edge of the sword. Therefore, dread not, thou bravest of the axe-men to whom we owe that victory, and so many others, to correct any mistake or misapprehension which we may have been led into concerning the details of that glorious event."

"Madame," said the Varangian, "I shall attend with diligence to what your Highness may be pleased to read to me: although, as to presuming to blame the history of a princess born in the purple, far be such a presumption from me; still less would it become a barbaric Varangian to pass a judgment on the military conduct of the Emperor, by whom he is liberally paid, or of the commander, by whom he is well treated. Before an action, if our advice is required, it is ever faithfully tendered; but, according to my rough wit, our censure after the field is fought would be more invidious than useful. Touching the Proto-spathaire, if it be the duty of a general to absent himself from close action, I can safely say, or swear, were it necessary, that the invincible commander was never seen by me within a javelin's cast of aught that looked like danger."

This speech, boldly and bluntly delivered, had a general effect on the company present. The Emperor himself, and Achilles Tatius, looked like men who had got off from a danger better than they expected. The Proto-spathaire laboured to conceal a movement of resentment. Agelastes whispered to the Patriarch, near whom he was placed, "The northern battle-axe lacks neither point nor edge."

"Hush!" said Zosimus, "let us hear how this is to end; the Princess is about to speak."

The voice of the northern soldier, although modified by feelings of respect to the Emperor,

and even attachment to his captain, had more of a tone of blunt sincerity, nevertheless, than was usually heard by the sacred echoes of the imperial palace; and though the Princess Anna Comnena began to think that she had invoked the opinion of a severe judge, she was sensible, at the same time, by the deference of his manner, that his respect was of a character more real, and his applause, should she gain it, would prove more truly flattering than the gilded assent of the whole court of her father. She gazed with some surprise and attention on Hereward, already described as a very handsome young man, and felt the natural desire to please, which is easily created in the mind towards a fine person of the other sex. His attitude was easy and bold, but neither clownish nor uncourtly. His title of a barbarian, placed him at once free from the forms of civilized life and the rules of artificial politeness. But his character for valour, and the noble self-confidence of his bearing, gave him a deeper interest than would have been acquired by a more studied and anxious address, or an excess of reverential awe.

In short, the Princess Anna Comnena, high in rank as she was, and born in the imperial purple, which she herself deemed the first of all attributes, felt herself, nevertheless, in preparing to resume the recitation of her history, more anxious to obtain the approbation of this rude soldier, than that of all the rest of the courteous audience. She knew them well, it is true, and felt nowise solicitous about the applause, which the daughter of the Emperor was sure to receive with full hands from those of the Grecian court to whom she might choose to communicate the productions of her father's daughter. But she had now a judge of a new character, whose applause, if bestowed, must have something in it intrinsically real, since it could only be obtained by affecting his head or his heart.

It was perhaps, under the influence of these feelings, that the Princess was somewhat longer than usual in finding out the passage in the roll of history at which she purposed to commence. It was also noticed, that she began her recitation with a diffidence and embarrassment surprising to the noble hearers, who had often seen her in full possession of her presence of mind before what they conceived a more distinguished, and even more critical audience.

Neither were the circumstances of the Varangian such as rendered the scene indifferent to him. Anna Comnena had indeed attained her fifth lustre, and that is a period after which Grecian beauty is understood to commence its decline. How long she had passed that critical period, was a secret to all, but the trusted ward-women of the purple chamber. Enough, that it was affirmed by the popular tongue, and seemed to be attested by that bent towards philosophy and literature which is not supposed to be congenial to beauty in its earlier buds, amount to one or two years more. She might be seven-and-twenty.

Still Anna Comnena was, or had very lately been, a beauty of the very first rank, and must be supposed to have still retained charms to captivate a barbarian of the North; if, indeed, he himself was not careful to maintain a heedful recollection of the immeasurable distance between them. Indeed, even this recollection might hardly have saved Hereward from the charms of this enchantress, bold, free-born, and fearless as he was; for, during that time of strange revolutions, there were many instances of successful generals sharing the couch of imperial princesses, whom, perhaps, they had themselves rendered widows, in order to make way for their own pretensions. But besides the influence of other recollections, which the reader may learn hereafter, Hereward, though flattered by the unusual degree of attention which the Princess bestowed upon him, saw in her only

the daughter of his Emperor and adopted liege lord, and the wife of a noble prince, whom reason and duty alike forbade him to think of in any other light.

It was after one or two preliminary efforts that the Princess Anna began her reading, with an uncertain voice, which gained strength and fortitude as she proceeded with the following passage from a well known part of her history of Alexius Comnenus, but which unfortunately has not been re-published in the Byzantine historians. The narrative cannot, therefore, be otherwise than acceptable to the antiquarian reader; and the author hopes to receive the thanks of the learned world for the recovery of a curious fragment, which, without his exertions, must probably have passed to the gulph of total oblivion.

Unimore, a Dream of the Highlands, in Ten Visions. By Professor Wilson.

HERE we have proof of the public disregard for poetry. Wilson, one of our most original and most truly inspired poets, sees so little chance of success for his genius in a separate work, that he actually prints in Blackwood's Magazine a poem of such extent, as would have made in still-remembered days a respectable quarto; and of a merit so high, as, to any new candidate for fame, would have insured at once a proud reputation. We have heard many complaints against the present taste of the age, and have lamented that any discouragement should be given to the exercise of natural fancy and the elegance of poetic speculations. We are not sure, in the turn which the public mind has certainly of late taken for grosser and more material things, that any advantage has been gained: by neglecting works of imagination, such as all other ages of the world have delighted in, we have proclaimed our descent in the mercury of whatever is lofty and noble-minded; we have fallen a step or two lower in altitude, for, in forsaking Parnassus, we have not left ourselves any other eminence to climb which can compare with it. We fondly imagined the other year that public taste was returning to its old delights—we saw the nation subscribing its tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands in all manner of speculations in which reality had nothing and fancy everything to do, and we bade poets rejoice: but behold it appeared that all this belonged to the Epicure Mammon sort of imagination, in all of which pure poetry scorns to hold a share. All this we can neither help nor repair; we live however in the hope that it will speedily mend, though the prospect is dark enough at present for all manner of elegant arts.

Professor Wilson has written many fine works; the chief are the 'Isle of Palms' and the 'City of the Plague': but excellent as many parts of those poems undoubtedly are, we see him even to greater advantage in some of his lesser pieces, and more particularly in those splendid prose compositions, some of which are avowedly his, and others privately acknowledged. He is, in all, distinguished for a varied richness of imagination, great depth of feeling, and an universal sympathy with whatever is lofty and noble. His transitions are often surprisingly fine, and his situations are only such as appear to the eye of a poet who sees all through nature. His language is manly and elevated, and of such affluence that he has never to grope or wait for a word; and he may say with Burns when inspired with

another spirit than nature's, that when the fit was on, words came "rattling in their ranks," or with an older bard of the same nation, "Forbye how sweet my numbers flow, and slide away like water." We consider the 'City of the Plague' to be one of the noblest and most touching poems in our language—page follows page of such surpassing poetry as may be compared in imaginative power, and in tenderness and pathos also, with the verse of any breathing bard. His 'Isle of Palms' is perhaps richer in his own peculiar way, and is besides a vision of exquisite beauty: still, we love it less than we do his melancholy poem, because there is more of the fanciful, with less of nature. His 'Edith and Nora' is one of those fairy tales which the professor once promised a volume of, and forgot that we expected it. Should any of our readers imagine that the fairies of Wilson are those ordinary creatures who figure in our stories of the East; they know little of the poet. He has taken up the poetic 'Fairy Folk' of Scotland, and completed the character from a thousand traditions: with what elegance has he endowed them outwardly—with what grace has he adorned them inwardly—what pleasant tasks has he assigned them, and what inspiration has he infused into their conversation! Another favourite poem of ours is his 'Address to a Wild Deer,'—for bounding elasticity of language, hurrying thoughts, and crowding images, it has no equal. We must, however, confess, that we meet with whole pages in his prose compositions more happily expressed and more poetically conceived than most of his regular poetry. He is there marching free from the fetters of rhyme—he makes no sacrifice to quantity—his thoughts clothe themselves without any effort in a natural and peculiar language, and he has neither the fear of his own fame nor that of criticism before him.

Yet, with all the high qualities which we have assigned him, and though he has impressed a great reverence for his genius on the world, we are not sure that he will ever be a very popular poet. We know of no man who has grander elements of genius in his nature—who has more inspiration in his works, or who more surely feels and more dauntlessly expresses his sense of the merits of other poetic minds: what wants he, then, of perfection, to enable him to stand, like Fingal, on his own hill, and be the object of national applause? We think him too exclusively poetical: he has too little of men and manners—of passions and opinions—of the heaven of common life, and therefore requires perusal by minds of high poetical temperament. "The proper business of mankind is man." The most of mankind are dull, prosaic, and earthy—fellows who grub this earthly hole in low pursuit, and care no more for what is high-minded, heroic, and loftily poetical, than they do for a sermon or a royal proclamation. Nevertheless, those who desire fame, must condescend to humour the nature of what Cobbett called that "great brute-beast, the Public;" and, for ourselves, we have really so much of this same vulgar feeling about us, that we prefer to read those poets who mix their Heliconian tinkle for all palates. That Wilson is capable of making this popular mixture, we have no manner of doubt: see with what inimitable drollery and humour

he deals his bolts about in a series of papers imputed to him, in that most readable of all things, "Blackwood's Noctes." We remember one in particular, where, by some hocus-pocus, the contents of De Quincy's plate, redolent with opium, are shared between the Ettrick Shepherd and Mullion: what most exquisite poetry does the drug make the Shepherd discourse—and with what stark nonsense it inspires his prosaic companion!

It would be doing much injustice to the name of Wilson, if we omitted to speak of his inimitable discourses—he calls them criticisms—on poetry, which now and then adorn old *Ebony's Magazine*. They are, it is true, rambling occasionally, and not a little rhapsodical sometimes; but the true savour of the thing is in them: there is infinitely more of a true feeling for poetry, and a juster discernment of its finer qualities than can be pointed out in all those clever, smart, skim-the-stream disquisitions, which constitute the fame of Jeffrey. The Lord Advocate, indeed, has nothing of the poet about him: his soul is insensible to those heroic moods and grand aspirations which belong to Wilson: he has ruled the state of Poesie too long, and left his subjects in fetters. Not so the Professor; he claims for poetry a wider range, and a more universal empire: he distinguishes between those who have only the language of the Muse, and those inspired with her sentiment: he perceives that some write from the impulse of idleness and education—others from that of nature; and, moreover, that genius belongs exclusively neither to Whigs nor Tories, but appears, by God's permission, in both great factions—nay, sometimes dawns in those who can pretend to no party, but humbly rank themselves as earnest lovers of their country. The fine natural criticism of Wilson has triumphed over the flippant and sarcastic criticism of the *Edinburgh Review*. The poets owe him much, both as a brother and a champion.

We are strongly tempted to conclude here, and leave our readers to seek the poem which is named at the head of this hasty and imperfect article in the last twin numbers of "Ma Magazine." It might be imagined if we did this, that we admired it less than we do, and that we desired to make our escape from our difficulty, by praising poetry already praised. What magnificent Highland, half-historic and half-landscape picture the commencement of the poem contains.

Morven and Morn and Spring and Solitude!
As yet it is scarce sunrise, but the sun
Sends dawn before him, while his dazzling disk
Is soaring from the sea, a gentle light,
Tender and delicate exceedingly,
'Neath which, as if it were a glittering veil,
Lies the new-wake and undisturbed earth.
Conscious once more of the sweet hour of Prime.
No object in creation now looks dead.
Stones, rocks, knolls, heather, broom, and furze and fern
Have all a life-like semblance in the hush,
So strong is the expression of their joy;
Alive appears each solitary tree,
Half-tree, half-shrub, hirc with its silver stem,
And hazel azure-hued; with feeling briars,
The feeling of its own fresh loveliness,
That budding brake; and these wild briars enwreath'd
With honey-suckles wild, brimful of life,
Now trail along, and clamber up and fill
The air with odours, by short-sleeping bee
Already visited; though not a bird
Within the nested foliage more than stir,
Or twitters o'er the blissful wilderness.
Life breathes intenser beauty o'er the flowers.
There within one small round of greensward set
Dew-diamonded daisies, happy all,

In their own sweetness and simplicity;
 With lustre burnishing yon mossy nook
 An inexhaustible board of primroses,
 Heaped up by spring for the delight of morn,
 Miser almost, yet the while steep'd
 And striped and starred in colours manifold,
 Mosses that 'twould be sin to tread upon;
 And lo! the white mist lying like a dream,
 Motionless almost, yet the while ascending
 With gradual revelation of the desert
 Brightly and balminely swimming far and wide,
 And yet the spirit of its character
 Varying not altering, as the circle spreads
 Serener and more spacious;—like the Land
 Where old songs say the Silent People dwell,
 And aye one Creature with a Christian name
 Attends the Fairy Queen, by her beloved
 O'er all Elves else, though spite of all that love,
 Oft is her seven years' sojourn dimm'd with tears
 Shed for their sake who, since the fatal hour
 That saw their daughter spirited away,
 Have little done but wander up and down
 Wondering and weeping, or upon the brae
 Whence she vanished, with their faces plunged
 In both their hopeless hands, at side by side,
 Far from all human ken, from morn till night,
 And all on through the moonlight starriness,
 Without once knowing that there is a sky.

We wish some painter with a poetic soul,
 would embody on canvas the melancholy
 loveliness of the following passage:—

One face is pale
 In its own pensiveness, but paler seems,
 Beneath the sun-like braiding of that hair
 So softly black, contrast with the calm
 Divine that on her melancholy brow
 Keeps deepening with her dreams! The other bright,
 As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows
 In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,
 Like gold-wire glittering, in the breath of joy
 Aloft, on her smooth forehead momentarily
 Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark eyes!
 With depths profound, down which the more you gaze,
 Still and stiller seems the spiritual world
 That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, beyond
 New thoughtless regions opening far beyond,
 And all embued with the deep hush of heaven.
 There quiet clouds, there glimpses quieter
 Of stainless ether, in its purity
 There a lone star! But other eyes are swimming
 With such a lovely, such a loving light,
 Breathed o'er their surface, imperceptible
 The colour of the iris lost awhile
 In its own beauty, and then all at once
 Perceived to be, as some faint fleeting cloud
 Deth for a moment overshadow them,
 Of that same hue in which the heaven delights,
 And earth religious looking up to heaven
 In unwill'd happiness; when Awe retires,
 In some dim cave her mute solemnities
 To lead along unwitting'd, and abroad
 O'er hill and valley hymning as they go,
 In worship of glad Nature, Joy and Love
 Stand side by side upon the mountain-top.

When art has done her best for a subject
 so lovely and so gloomy, let her try her skill
 on the portrait of Edith, in the tale of which
 we have already spoken:—

She hath risen up from her morning prayer,
 And chained the waves of her golden hair—
 Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek,
 And breathed the blessing she might not speak,
 Lest the whisper should break the dream that smiled
 Round the snow white brow of the sinless child.
 Ere the sun has warmed the dawning hours,
 She hath watered the glow of her garden flowers,
 And welcomed the hum of the early bee
 In the moist bloom working drowsily;
 Then up the flow of the rocky rill,
 She trips away to the pastoral hill;
 And as she lifts her glistening eyes,
 In the joy of her heart to the dewy skies,
 She feels that her sainted parents bless
 The life of their Orphan Shepherdess.

When his brush is dipped in dyes, such as
 the loveliness of Edith deserves, he may keep
 a little of his best colour for the wild deer—
 but who can paint him as Wilson limns him
 in ink!

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
 Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
 Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?
 —Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
 Hail! idol divine! whom nature hath bore
 O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and
 moor,
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
 A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
 Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
 There the bright heather springs up in love of thy
 breast—

Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest;
 And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill,
 In the hush of the mountains, ye anthers lie still—
 Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
 Like the arms of the pine on yon sheeterless height:
 One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
 Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

We now bid farewell to this eminent poet,
 critic, and novelist; though we hold a maga-
 zine to resemble

—that folio of four pages

Which not even critics criticize,

we were too glad of any opportunity of
 speaking our mind respecting his genius, to
 be fastidious concerning the shape in which
 it came—"its form and pressure." When
 the tide is in full-flood for poetry, let him
 launch a first-rate on the waters, and bid us
 come and behold it.

*Journal of a Tour in the State of New York,
 in the year 1830; with Remarks on Agri-
 culture in those parts most eligible for
 Settlers. By John Fowler. London, 1831.
 Whittaker & Co.*

We cannot say anything in favour of this
 volume. If all that is irrelevant, and all that
 is extracted from other works, were omitted,
 little, indeed, would remain for us to com-
 ment on. Mr. Fowler is evidently of opinion,
 that the best parts relate to agriculture, to
 the price of land, the produce and cultivation
 of the different localities;—and it is possible
 that the information on these subjects may
 be of value to persons about to emigrate—
 but we are not ourselves inclined to put much
 faith either in his information or opinions. It
 is not often, even in these publishing days,
 when every post courier thinks it becoming
 to favour the world with a volume of travels,
 that we have found any man filling so much
 space with so many insignificant particulars.
 Mr. Fowler's personal accommodations, at
 the different inns and lodging-houses, is,
 next to Niagara, the most important subject
 in the volume. We have been more than
 once censured by our friends for not justify-
 ing our condemnatory judgments by extracts:
 this is rather unfair, for we are quite sure
 they would complain grievously, if we thought
 it necessary to inflict pages of nonsense upon
 them on every occasion, when we are our-
 selves troubled with them—as an exception,
 however, we will give a specimen:—

"Here it had been my intention to have
 taken the night boat to Albany, which passed
 by from New York about an hour afterwards;
 but the day having been very warm, my exer-
 tion not trifling, and a night of campaigning into
 the bargain, after receiving very positive assu-
 rances at the most respectable hotel in the place
 (the Mansion House, kept by Evan Davis) that
 I should be lodged secure from all invasion, I
 determined upon quartering here until morning;
 and shortly requested an introduction to my
 apartment, which I found as apparently neat
 and clean as I could have desired; the bed and
 all the furniture in it excellent and nearly new.
 Well, thought I, this is some improvement upon
 Bloomingburgh—no vermin here—sure of a
 charming night now, at all events—and with
 such like agreeable reflections and anticipations
 consigned myself to bed; but alas! alas! 'man
 is born to trouble'; who doubteth it, let him
 travel in a land of bugs and musketoes. 'Kind
 nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' had not
 commenced her visit ere my most persecuting

assailants were again at me;—bugs I mean;
 and I was soon up and in a state of open war-
 fare, killing and slaying in all directions. Find-
 ing myself thus deceived, and suffering severely
 from injuries received, I sallied forth, and was
 soon in close and no very peaceful contact with
 both landlord and waiter, who, until they went
 and examined for themselves, would not believe
 that such an appearance as I presented could
 have proceeded from such a cause, or even that
 the wretched vermin could have found access to
 the apartment into which they very politely told
 me (but I was in no mood to be complimented)
 that they never put any but the most respect-
 able of their company. To dispute the point,
 however, against the joint evidence of our senses,
 was out of the question, and after expressing
 the utmost concern at the occurrence, and lam-
 menting, in consequence of guests received by
 the steam-boats, in which the pest, or *pestilence*,
 if you will, abounds, the great difficulty they
 had in keeping, or, in fact, knowing when they
 were free from it, I could only make the best of
 my bad bargain, and retiring into a drawing-
 room, threw myself upon a sofa, and, over-
 powered with fatigue and vexation, dropped,
 perforce, to sleep.

"August 13th.—A most fine morning, and
 having taken a dip in the beautiful Hudson,
 with other refreshing operations, I feel my con-
 dition somewhat improved, though truly in a
 poor plight, and half ashamed to walk abroad,
 even in this land of freedom, which, by the bye,
 at the rate I am proceeding, will prove anything
 else to me." p. 55-7.

Now, how could any man in his senses think
 of publishing such stuff as this? yet like non-
 sense is ten times repeated; we had the very
 same observations, only varying the expres-
 sions, two pages before. We have given this
 as a specimen; but, in justice to ourselves,
 our readers, and Mr. Fowler, we will analyze
 the first fifty pages of the book. *Twenty-
 two* are occupied with the most insignificant
 details of the voyage; then follows *half a
 page* of description of the view from Brook-
 lyn—*half a page* about the bugs at the
 boarding-house—*half* another about the tariff
 and the hot weather, interspersed with reflec-
 tions and recollections of the bugs—now *nine
 and a half pages*, the first that have reference
 to the subject of his work; and in saying this
 we act with great liberality, and take no no-
 tice of the incidental reference, even in these
 nine pages, to bugs, &c.; then, however, half
 a page of most interesting information, cer-
 tainly worth crossing the Atlantic for:—

"Upon returning to W—'s in the evening,
 I was presented with a New York paper, in
 which I was not surprised to read as follows:—
 'The packet-ship Manchester, Captain Sketch-
 ley, from Liverpool, arrived in town yesterday
 morning, bringing advices of that long-anti-
 cipated event, the decease of his Majesty George
 the Fourth. The bulletin issued on the occa-
 sion was as follows:—' Windsor Castle, 26th
 June, 1830. It has pleased Almighty God to
 take from this world the King's most excellent
 Majesty. His Majesty expired at a quarter
 past three o'clock this morning, without pain.
 (Signed) H. Halford,—Matthew John Tierney.'
 His Majesty was born 12th August, 1762, and
 was consequently in the 68th year of his age;
 ascended the throne 29th January, 1820, crown-
 ed 19th July, 1821, and died 26th June, 1830.
 The Duke of Clarence immediately took the
 oaths of office as William the Fourth. He was
 born 23rd August, 1765.'—So for the present
 ends the career of the Georges!" p. 53-4.

There is certainly something original in
 bringing home the bulletin issued at Wind-
 sor, and informing English readers with

these curious biographical particulars—then follows *three quarters of a page*, descriptive of Flushing, and an extract from the 'Gazeteer of New York'—*three and a half* of allowable gossip—then *eleven* of extract from a guide-book—*two* of gossip—bugs again for a whole page—at last, *one and a half* relevant to the subject; but the bugs immediately return upon us, as in the extract given before, for *two pages*.

We have now done our duty, and will extract such trifles, in compensation to our readers, as seem the more likely to interest them.

'The Shaker Settlement at Niskayuna is eight miles north-west of Albany. The Shakers are the followers of Ann Lee, called by them *Mother Ann*, a religious enthusiast, who was born in England some time antecedent to the revolutionary war, and while yet in her youth suffered much tribulation and deep exercises of spirit, in her conversion from the sins of this world to a state of greater perfection. She endured severe trials and much persecution, according to her own account, from her countrymen; but was afterwards favoured with visions and an exhibition of miracles in her favour. Although in early life herself the wife of a poor blacksmith, the principal tenet of her creed is absolute and entire celibacy, which is defended on various spiritual grounds, and fully set forth in a work recently published by the society. In consequence of the persecutions experienced by Mother Ann, in England, she came to this country, and established a small society, which has been followed by the establishment of others, of which this is one. Her followers regard her memory with pious veneration, and consider themselves as the only people in possession of the true light. Some of the oldest and most perfect members, it is said, pretend to 'speak with tongues,' heal diseases by the touch, &c. The marriage contract is dissolved on joining the society; their association is a perfect community of goods, all private property being thrown into the common stock, and they profess to banish the love of ambition, wealth, and luxury from their gloomy territories.

'They own at this place 2000 acres of excellent land, laid out and kept in the order, neatness, and cleanliness, which always distinguish their sect. This is divided into four farms, or families, as they are called, occupied by about seventy-five persons each, of both sexes, and of all ages. They cultivate garden stuffs, seeds, &c. for sale, as well as everything necessary for their own support, and they manufacture various useful and ornamental articles. These, as well as the surplus produce of the farm, are sold, and the avails deposited in one of the Albany banks until required. The division of labour which they carry into practice, every occupation being entrusted to separate members, and their economical habits, render their gains very considerable. The men work as farmers, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, &c.; the women at weaving, spinning, washing, cooking, and in the duties of the farm; making and mending clothes,—the occupations of each sex being performed in separate buildings. They also eat separately, and neither of them will sit down to a meal with what they call the 'world's people.' The dress of the men is drab, perfectly plain; that of the women, grey, with white caps, all made as plain and easy as possible. They all have a peculiar walk, but especially the females, in consequence of their mode of worship, from which they derive the name of *Shakers*, a strange and disagreeable mode of dancing, accompanied with a monotonous song. The young members of the community are regularly taught the steps of this dance by the older ones before they are permitted to join in public worship. It is usual

before the admission of a member to all the privileges of the society, to impose a novitiate of three months, when, if he so desires, he may leave them; if not, he is regularly admitted a member, and throws his property into the common stock.

'Notwithstanding the severity of their discipline as to celibacy, it is said the harmony of their society was lately much disturbed in consequence of a 'love affair.' A young man and woman, both belonging to the society, in despite of the doctrines of their leader, fell from their estate of 'single blessedness,' and yielded to a worldly attachment. This heresy, as might be expected, produced considerable commotion. The members wrestled with the tempter, and the elders prayed for and with the victims to the dreaded enemy of the sect; but all to no purpose. They left the society and were married. It is credible, however, to the members, that after finding their efforts to prevent this result unavailing, they sent the happy pair sufficient furniture for comfortable house-keeping, assigning, as a reason, that they had laboured for the society, and that it was no more than justice to reward them." p. 63—5.

Travelling in America.

"Another and a very convenient dissimilarity relates to the coachman, who does not expect the slightest fee or remuneration. There is no eternal opening of the door, and 'Please, Sir, I stop here;'—'Please, Sir, I don't go any further;'—'Please, Sir, remember the coachman,' which is not always quite so *pleasing* as they would kindly desire it to be. Here, the fare paid, generally without opposition, about four cents a mile, you have done with all demands relative to the coach. At the end of every stage the man retires with his horses, which he has to attend upon himself, though this is a much less onerous duty than in England, brushes, curry-combs, &c. being but little in request. I do not, in any instance, recollect seeing him at all assisted even in *taking out or putting in*. Pretty soon after he has cleared himself away, the driver, who is next to proceed, appears with his team, and though this changing is not quite so expeditious an affair as you may sometimes witness when running opposition with us—I think I have known it performed in twenty seconds—you are off again in as little time as under the circumstances you would suppose possible.

"There is a very striking difference, too, perceptible at the inns:—look for no bowing landlord or obsequious waiter at the door to welcome your arrival; you may alight or not, as you please, and in some instances be served as if *you, and not they*, were the party obliged. Neither expect to find any snug parlour or *Travellers'*, or I suppose I must now say, *Commercial Room*, to retire to; the bar seems the only inhabited apartment about the house, and there, upon arrival, the company immediately proceed: within it are always to be met with conveniences for washing—the very first operation—and a comb and a brush attached together by a string, suspended most likely from the ceiling, *pro bono publico*, and used *sans ceremonie* by all comers and goers, though I took the liberty of declining the accommodation." p. 70-1.

Discipline at the State Prison at Auburn.

"As an object of first attraction I proceeded to visit the *State Prison*, situated here, and considered one of the first in the Union. *** The expense of the whole, without including the labour of convicts employed, was above 300,000 dollars. The prison being erected on the bank of the *Owasco*, water-power is applied, in many cases to great advantage, in propelling machinery.

"About six o'clock I applied at the door for admittance, which was granted on my paying

twenty-five cents, and one of the keepers commissioned to conduct me over the establishment. We first visited the cells, which the convicts leave at half-past five in the morning. These gloomy abodes are about seven or eight feet long, by four feet wide, and perhaps about seven feet in height. They are lighted from windows in the roof of the passage into which they open through ponderous iron doors. All the furniture they contain is a hammock, which is let down in the day-time, a stool, and a Bible upon a shelf in one of the corners.—From these we passed on to the workshops, where the convicts were busily employed in their different avocations; tailoring, shoemaking, weaving; machine, button, cabinet making, &c.; coopering, and smiths' work in general. These various manufactures, besides what are requisite for the prison, are furnished to all the principal stores in Auburn, and sent to different parts of the State. My guide afterwards conducted me to the cooking apartment, where some of the convicts were engaged in preparing the morning's repast for the rest, and which I presently saw arranged with great neatness in the general eating-room: it consisted of coffee, Indian corn bread, and boiled fish. At half-past six they were summoned by a bell to partake of it, upon which occasion I had a good opportunity of observing some of the most striking characteristics of the system. The convicts were arranged in separate corps, 'moving in single file, with a slow lock step, and erect posture, keeping exact time, with their faces inclined towards their keepers, (that they may detect conversation, of which none is ever permitted,) all giving to the spectator somewhat similar feelings to those excited by a military funeral.' In a short time all were seated at the different tables, in the most orderly and regular manner, and, upon a signal being given by the keepers, with one simultaneous movement commenced their meal. Had I not witnessed the scene, I should have supposed it morally impossible for such a number of individuals to be assembled together for such a purpose, with so little noise and confusion. **

"Breakfast concluded (and there did not appear, on the part of the keepers, the smallest disposition to hurry over the ceremony; all were allowed sufficient time, and materials, too, even for a hearty repast,) the prisoners rose again in like order, and were forthwith marched back to their different workshops and employments;—here, the guide informed me, they were kept until twelve o'clock, when they were again summoned to dinner, after which they resume their labour till six, when their daily toil is done: they are then marched off to their separate cells, each carrying his supper with him, and eating alone, if not in darkness, his last cheerless meal. There is a chapel within the prison, which the prisoners attend regularly every sabbath; a Sunday school has also been established; and in the hospital every attention is paid to such as require it.

"The severity of the punishment here exercised consists in preventing every kind of intercourse of one convict with another: whether at their work, or at their meals, they are compelled to observe the most absolute and uniform silence; not the slightest attempt at communication would escape notice; and every offender against this tenacious and positive requirement is punished by flogging,—an alternative, however, rarely needed. I observed the young and the old, and every description of character, mixed indiscriminately together, but from which, with the restrictions imposed, no evil consequence can possibly arise. A decided majority, upon leaving the prison, have become reformed and useful members of society. It is altogether conducted upon an admirable principle, and reflects the highest credit upon the projectors and the country; affording, at the same time, an

exalted contrast, when compared with our miserable receptacles for this class of society: in them, if reformation take place, it is by miracle; here, frequent, and the end and object of the institution." p. 90—4.

Reports on the Public Accounts of France, to the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury. By John Bowring. Printed by Order of the House of Commons.

THIS is a very important document, and we think it deserving especial mention. It has long been admitted by all parties that the system, or rather no system, on which the public accounts of this country are kept, is irredeemably bad. Without ourselves recommending one or other of the many which have been suggested as preferable, it may be asserted that *some system* is essential; and, as a principle, that all the accounts of all the different departments ought to return through their various channels, simplified and generalized at every step, to some superior office, as the lines from the circumference of a circle may be drawn towards, and made to meet in its centre; and that a general national balance-sheet should then be made out;—this can never be done unless one system be adopted in all departments.

For many years, and to the present hour, the head of each department has been left to regulate the manner of keeping the public accounts, as if it were some unimportant trifle: but there is, and there can be, no such things as trifles in public accounts; and if all were brought, as we propose, into one great intelligible balance-sheet, this would be evident enough. The result of these irregularities has been, the absurd and costly duplication of offices, and the irresponsibility of officers—and then fraud and defalcation follow of course.

Another principle that we should lay down is, that no payments ought to be made except on vouchers, and all at the Treasury, or its dependencies; and the Treasury should have nothing to do with the grounds of the payment. They ought to be bankers to the government, and nothing more. Their duty should be limited to inquiry into the validity of the document, and its legal transfer to the present holder. Now, so directly is this opposed to the present system, that hardly an office exists wherein payments are not first authorized, and then there discharged. The one system is simple, and the other complex—the one cheap, and the other costly. We have for many years, and for very intelligible reasons, had the complex system, and the consequent cost, with mystification, frauds, and public defaulters in addition. The present ministry seem resolved to put an end to it: it will, in fact, have outlived its purpose, if ever the public hand is laid on the public purse-strings, by honest representatives of the people. But that nothing should be done precipitately, Doctor Bowring was employed to report on the method now followed in France; and a few facts will very well explain why attention was directed to that country:

"Before the introduction of the present system, the salaries of the Central Administration of the Financial Accounts of the kingdom, were, in the year 1800, 3,400,000 frs. in Paris alone. In the year 1814, much of the provincial and departmental machinery being superseded by

sundry improvements, the amount of salaries, &c. of the Central Administration at Paris was, 4,893,345 frs. The cost of the Central Administration in Paris was, in 1830, reduced to 2,343,000 frs., while, by the operation of the improved system, an annual saving, amounting in the gross to more than 95,000,000 frs. has been effected for the State;—in other words, the re-organization of the Public Accounts had led, not only to a diminution of half the expense of the former incomplete system in the mere machinery of personal service, but to a diminution of the public burthens to the amount of nearly 4,000,000l. sterling per annum. The extra charges of collection and negotiation (now saved) the minister estimates at 50,000,000 frs.; the deficits of sundry collectors, &c. at 40,000,000 frs., and the losses from non-payments, &c. at more than 5,000,000 frs." p. 5.

Speaking of other departments, Doctor Bowring observes—

"The business which had occupied 1,434 clerks at a cost of four millions, is now done by 822, at a cost of two millions of francs. Ten millions per annum were saved in the Receiver's Accounts. The Banking charges, (Frais de négociation,) which had been fifty-five millions, were reduced to five; and the Public Accounts, which had been twenty years in arrears, and always in confusion, were now balanced, presented monthly, and wholly examined and finally audited in the course of the year following their exercise.

"In the Treasury department in 1814 there were, as before mentioned, eighteen divisions, 1,434 clerks, and the charge was 4,361,085 frs.; in 1828, reduced to four divisions, 822 clerks, and cost 2,348,490 frs." p. 145.

A man better qualified than Dr. Bowring to conduct the inquiry, could not have been selected: conversant from early life with the actual detail of accounts, and wise in all that could be learned from experience, he has a mind capable of generalizing to the utmost, and of grasping at once with all the perplexing difficulties of the subject. The result is proved by the admirable report before us, which we strongly recommend to the attentive consideration of all who feel an interest in the important subject on which it treats.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.—No. XXIII.

A Family Tour through South Holland; up the Rhine; and across the Netherlands, to Ostend.

[Second Notice.]

WE certainly ran a little wide of the course for old reviewers, in our first notice of this volume—but in truth we did not find it a very extractable book; as Mr. Perry would say, it is "perfectionated"—elaborated—everything bears its due proportion—it tells all that need be told, with very few digressions. It may be a serviceable book, but it is not a very interesting one. What we like in a book of travels are the impressions left on the mind. In this way, the following sketch of high mass at St. Paul's, Antwerp, is to our taste: it is extravagant, and, judging from our feeling, there are few who would feel with the writer; but we can easily conceive that he felt as he describes:—

"The platform before the altar at the top of the steps; the magnificent candelabra, with lights burning in them; the splendid dresses of the officiating priests; their activity and rapid movement up and down the steps; the ringing of the bell, and the elevation of the host, seen, as it appeared, at an immense distance through the centre arch, and huge oleander shrubs in

full flower ranged on each side,—had really the effect of a scenic representation, which was not diminished by the pealing organ, the band of music, and the vocal accompaniment, which tended to keep up to admiration the *jeu de théâtre*.

"The mass being ended, the congregation, consisting chiefly of women and, by far the greater number, women of a certain age, were entertained with a concert of vocal and instrumental music in aid of the organ, which is considered by the people of Antwerp the very first instrument of the kind in all Brabant, and is, at all events, unquestionably a very fine and powerful organ; yet a regular band of wind and stringed instruments was stationed in the organ-loft to assist in the performance.

"They played, as we were told, an overture of Mozart, after which some light pieces, which did not appear to be exactly suited to the solemnity of the place; but the object evidently was to please the audience, while the *elderly ladies*, in particular, were crowding round one of the inferior priests to kiss some relic, which he held in one hand, and wiped with a cloth carried in the other every kiss with this precious article, whatever it might be, received, before it was presented to the next. But this process went on in rapid succession, while, in the mean time, the tin boxes were passing round to collect the *grossen, cents, or stuivers*, from the poor people who had thus been favoured with a holy kiss. On hearing the lively music, and the effect it produced, one could not help thinking that Whitfield was not far wrong when he answered some of his flock, who objected to the introduction of lively tunes into his chapel, that he did not see why the devil should be allowed to run away with all the good ones." p. 37—38.

The writer is excellent at describing Dutch scenery—if such words can run in couples. The party proceeded from Antwerp to Rotterdam by steam-boat—

"Very little population had hitherto been seen along the shores of the islands; but on approaching Dort, the scene began to change; cottages and workshops of various kinds skirted this narrow navigation close to the water's edge; and here and there a neatly painted house was seen planted in the midst of a garden. At some little distance from Dort the uniformity was relieved, and the unvaried scene much enlivened, by the appearance of some fifty or sixty wind-mills,—some reckoned up near a hundred,—busily whirling round, some employed in grinding corn, others in crushing various kinds of seeds, chiefly rape, for their oil, some in the preparation of snuff, but by far the greater number in sawing wood. The reedy banks of the channel had now given way to little patches of garden ground in front of these mills, the lower part of which were generally very neat inhabited dwellings; their roofs, and also the sides of the mills above the habitable part, were mostly thatched with reeds, in a very neat manner, and so contrived that nothing but the points were visible, which gave the appearance of their being covered with a brown rough coat of sand or pebbles, but at a little distance this covering resembled the skin of a mole." p. 44-45.

The great locks at Katwyk.

"The province of Holland in general, however, and the district of Rhinland in particular, are most deeply concerned in the smallest or Leyden branch, as by the proper management of this stream only is that part of the country preserved from one sweeping inundation. The main works for this purpose are at Katwyk, where, by very simple but effectual contrivances of flood-gates, the waters of the Rhine are let out into the sea, and those of the sea shut out from the land. The distance from Leyden is about ten miles, through five of which nearest

to the sea, a broad and deep canal has been cut, across which a triple set of double gates have been thrown, the first having two pair, the second four pair, and the last seven pair, with stone piers of excellent masonry between them. Against these last gates the tide rises twelve feet, and to take off the pressure, an equal depth is preserved in the great dam within them. When the Rhine has accumulated behind the other gates to a certain height, the whole of the gates are thrown open at low water, the rush of which completely scours the passage of sand, which, before the adoption of these gates, used constantly to choke up the channel of the Rhine; and the waters, thus impeded, frequently inundated the country, and had more than once threatened Leyden with destruction. It has been calculated that these seven gates, when thrown open, are capable of discharging a volume of water not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet in a second of time." p. 81.

The following, though by no means the most pleasant, is, to our thinking, not one of the least faithful pictures in the volume:—

"The mixture of the muddy water of the Amstel with the sea-water from the *Ai*, the filth from the sewers, from the houses, and the streets, and the offal from the multitude of vessels that are moored in the canals, most of them inhabited by whole families, must necessarily have the effect of creating a smell at no time agreeable, and sometimes highly offensive. Nor is the unpleasant sensation at all diminished by casting a glance at the colour which the surface of the water invariably bears, being that of a rich olivaceous green. The smell, however, except in the lower and more busy parts of the city, is scarcely perceptible, unless, indeed, as the old proverb insinuates, the water be stirred up, which must happen whenever one of the vessels moves her berth along the canal. It is then *gare l'eau*; and the street passenger, if he be to leeward, will do well to cross the first bridge he meets with, and get to windward as fast as he possibly can. This peculiar effluvia has been supposed by some to be injurious to the human constitution, and yet few cities can boast of a more robust and healthy set of inhabitants than those of Amsterdam. It is said to be a fact, however, that no cavalry regiment is ever kept at Amsterdam, as the horses all become ill, and many have died, from the badness, as is supposed, of the water. The town is served with fresh water from the river Vecht, five or six miles distant, and carried round in carts: most of the houses, however, have cisterns to receive the rain water. It is not impossible, that if the water of the canals was not occasionally driven out into the *Ai*, by the admission of the pure fresh water of the Amstel, the air might become infected, and serious sickness ensue. Be that as it may, it does not appear that Amsterdam is more unhealthy than other towns of Holland, or subject to any particular endemic diseases. A humid atmosphere produces here, as it every else does, fevers and coughs; but against the effects of such a chilling air the natives take care to supply themselves with thick and warm clothing; in addition to which the women, who lead a very sedentary life, place the feet on a little wooden stool under their petticoats, in which is a small pan of burning charcoal; and the men, in order to fortify themselves against the baneful effects of such an atmosphere, are said to drink plenty of gin, and smoke tobacco. This may be so; but it is fair to mention, that we never saw a Dutchman drunk in the streets, not even among the lower classes. Indeed so strict is the police of Amsterdam, that a beastly drunkard would not be tolerated in public." p. 95—97.

With this we shall close for the present, although it is probable that we may yet have

a few words to say to the writer on the wild political nonsense at the end of his work. The volume is illustrated by a sufficiently good map, and ten views drawn and etched by Colonel Batty.

A Guide to Southampton, the Isle of Wight, &c. By C. Andrews. 1831. Southampton: G. F. Scotland. London: R. Groombridge.

A Guide-book, though very useful, we never thought entertaining, until literary labours had shut us out from fresh air and green fields; and now we are content with a Guide-book. It is pleasant even to read of an excursion to Netley, and to have called to memory pleasant hours when, with a fresh breeze and a swelling sail, we glided over the Southampton waters, or lay baffled at the Kicker, or beating off Calshot; and then to think of landing at the Pier of Ryde, and being off to the Priory; and of the drive from Shanklin to Steephill and St. Lawrence, and into the rich inland of the little island, and round by Carisbrooke, and down the valley of the Medina, and on board the yacht again, and away over the blue waters. Southampton is a delightful spot for a summer excursion; nowhere, within our knowledge, is there the same variety: other sea-side places are objectless—you stretch out for a sail, and you reach home again; but there you have the island, and may round it, or visit Ryde, or Cowes, or Portsmouth. The country, too, is beautiful, and full of interesting recollections. Netley is one of the most picturesque ruins in England, and Winchester is a fine old cathedral town, quite a relief, in its eternal quiet, to its more bustling neighbour. By the bye, how is it that the editor has omitted all mention of St. Cross? We suggest to him that this is a mistake, and must be corrected in a second edition, to which, we hope, his little work will shortly arrive; for though it is no better than ordinary Guides, it is as good as most of them.

The North American Review for July, 1831. Boston, Gray & Bowen.

We had just time last week to announce the arrival of this work, and to notice an admirable article on Lord Brougham. It is, altogether, an excellent number. From a paper on 'The Origin and Progress of the Useful Arts,' we shall extract some particulars, curious in themselves, and, though well known to scholars, likely to have an interest with the general reader.

Butter.—"We find this article mentioned in Scripture, but we presume that no one thinks it bore much resemblance to what now passes by the name. It is thought by the best sacred critics to have been milk cream, or some thick cream. It was evidently used for the purpose of bathing the feet, and is spoken of as a luxurious indulgence. The oldest accounts of the preparation of butter, whatever the substance was, is found in Herodotus; but he does not describe, and, probably, did not know it minutely; all he tells us is, that it was separated by shaking the milk till the richest part of it subsided. Strabo mentions that it was used by the Ethiopians; but he does not say what it was, nor for what purpose it was used. We learn from Plutarch, that a Spartan lady paid a visit to Berenice, the wife of Diotarus, and one being perfumed with ointment and the other with butter, they openly expressed their disgust to each other. This prepares us for the statement of Hippocrates, that butter was efficient as a medicine, probably of the emetic kind. But we need not be particular in this criticism, for it is sufficiently clear, that neither Greeks nor Romans used it in cookery: they valued it as an ointment and medicine, not as food."

Fish.—"The passion of the Athenians for fish was carried to an extreme, which might seem

excessive to those who do not know the gratitude of republics to all who render them similar services. Two young Athenians were knighted on account of the excellent salt-fish sold by their father."

Table Luxuries of the Romans.—"The meats used by the Greeks did not materially differ from those approved by the Romans. Some of the luxuries of the latter are less esteemed at the present day, such as puppies, and the large white worm found in rotten wood, which is now extensively used, we believe, only in New Holland. The snail was another of their dishes, which has now lost favour, except in Germany, notwithstanding an attempt to revive it, made by two men of science in Edinburgh half a century ago. The supper of Pliny consisted of a barley-cake, lettuce, two eggs, three snails, with a due proportion of wine."

Difference of Taste.—"A traveller in the last century remarked to certain Arabs, that he wondered at their eating insects so disgusting; to which they replied, with some show of reason, that it savoured of affectation, in a person who could swallow an oyster, to be startled by any thing in the way of eating."

Manner of Eating.—"In the Old Testament times, they seem to have been seated, like Homer's heroes, each at a little table of his own; but in later times, the Persian custom of reclining was very generally adopted. Three couches were wheeled up to the table on three sides, the lower being left open, that the servants might be able to approach the guests. They lay upon their left sides, with their heads toward the table, and their feet resting near the outer edge. This position would have been constrained and uneasy, had they not been supported; but the couches were provided with pillows, which could be arranged about the person as the guest thought proper, against the back or under the side. Thus reclining, they fed themselves with the right hand, using neither fork nor spoon, the meat having been previously carved or torn in pieces. They often dipped bits of bread called sops, in the dish before they ate them. When they lay in this manner, one of course had his back turned to the person next to him, and when he wished to speak with his neighbour, he turned in such a way, as to bring his head upon the other's bosom. So that the expression, 'to be in another's bosom,' only meant being honoured with a place next him at the table."

Meals of the Romans.—"The breakfast was light, consisting of fruit and wine. Near noon they took what is sometimes improperly called a dinner: it was a luncheon, eaten without the form of collecting round the table. At supper, the main business of eating for the day was done. The master of the house and the older part of the family reclined; but the boys and girls, who were not then regarded as so important members of society as at present, sat at the foot of the table. Before the meal began, water and towels were handed to each, for the purpose of washing their hands, which there is reason to believe was not a needless form. The guests brought each a napkin from home to use during dinner, and if anything particular struck their fancy, they used, by permission of the host, to wrap it in this napkin and send it home. Carving was an art regularly taught in schools, established for the purpose: institutions which might be revived with advantage. The carvers delighted to show their skill, and at large entertainments they carved to the sound of music, keeping time."

Meal Time in England.—"With us," says an old black letter historian, 'the nobility and gentry go ordinarily to dinner at eleven, before noon, and sup at five; merchants do dine at noon and sup at six; husbandmen dine at high noon, and sup at six or seven;' so that, according to our ideas, the husbandmen were the most fashionable of all."

Towards the close of the fourteenth century, "The Augustin monks at Windheim wished to construct a wind-mill not far from Zwolt; but their measures for that purpose were arrested by the Lord of Woodst, who declared that the district was in every respect under his control, and positively forbade their proceeding. The monks in their distress bethought themselves of the spiritual pretensions of the Bishop of Utrecht, and laid their case before him. Extremely incensed by this laical encroachment, he held forth a statement, in which he maintained that the right to all the wind in the diocese was vested in his own person, and directed the monks to put up their mill in whatever place they thought good."

Saw-mills.—"Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the 15th century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labour-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber-merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces. Such patriotic spirit could not always last, and now, though we have nowhere seen the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw-mills are used in England."

Coals.—"We learn from Stow, that in the time of Edward I., the nobility and gentry, who resorted to London, made a remonstrance to the king against what they called 'the sore annoyance and danger of contagion growing by reason of the stench of burning sea-cole.' Whereupon the king issued an order, that 'all men should cease burning coles.'"

Shoes.—"Sandals were most common among the orientals. As they were mere soles of wood or leather fastened to the foot with strings, they were no protection from the dust: hence arose the hospitable practice of washing the visitor's feet—a practice so much insisted upon by public opinion, that if any one passing out of a house beat the dust from his feet, it showed that they had not been washed, and left on the house the reproach of inhospitality, which was the deepest of all dishonour."

"The Greeks and Romans added the moccasin or buskin to the sandal—the former was worn by tragic actors. The shoe makes quite a figure in English history. In the time of Richard I., says Stow, 'began the detestable use of piked shoes, the toes being tied up to the knee with chains of silver or gilt.' Edward IV., says the same historian, ordained 'that no man wear shoes or boots having toes passing two inches long; no peakes of boots or shoes to pass that length on pain of cursing by the clergy.'"

Stockings.—"As soon as stockings were invented, they began to make them of silk. Howell says, 'that great and expensive prince, Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except when there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. King Edward, his son, was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Thomas Gresham, his merchant, and the present was much taken notice of.' Stow says, that 'in the third year of Elizabeth, Mistress Montague having presented the queen with a pair of silk stockings, she was so delighted with them, that she never would wear cloth hose

after.' How valuable such a possession was in that day, appears from a letter of James I., written while he was king of Scotland. It was addressed to the Earl of Mar, telling that nobleman, that the Spanish ambassador was to be presented at court, and begging the loan of his stockings for the occasion. It contains this touching appeal: 'Ye would na sure that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers.'"

There is another pleasant paper on 'Popular Sports and Festivals,' evidently by the same writer; but it is not so abundant in little extractable illustrations; and the public have been lately made better acquainted with the subject through Mr. Hone's deservedly-popular works. However, as the 'North American Review' is not very generally known in this country, we will, at our leisure, dip again into the volume.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—*Historical Parallels.* London, 1831. Knight. *The Menageries.* Vol. II. Ditto.

We have deferred our notice of these works in the hope that we should be enabled to devote a becoming space to them, when subjects of temporary interest pressed less upon us; but we seem, like the countryman in Fleet Street, waiting till the crowd is passed, and therefore think it well to say briefly, that the *Historical Parallels* is written in a good philosophical spirit, and is a valuable addition to our cheap literature.

The *Menageries* is devoted exclusively to the Elephant. It is a well-compiled and very entertaining volume, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the class of persons for whom it is intended. This is the sort of book wanted—it is one that even busy people will read.

Wilson's American Ornithology. Vol. IV. Edinburgh, 1831. Constable & Co.

THE concluding volume of one of the most entertaining books in the language. On the appearance of the first number, we gave a long notice of Wilson and the work, and must therefore be now content with recommending it strongly to our readers.

London Pageants. London, 1831. Nichols & Son.

AN account of fifty-five royal processions in the city of London, with many illustrative engravings. To the curious and antiquarian reader it may prove an entertaining work.

The Trial of William Cobbett, Esq. in the Court of King's Bench. London: Strange.

A very full and accurate report of the trial.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONNET—POESY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Thou healing charm!—whose wildly simple song
Oft woke to ease my cares, nor woke in vain;
Where'er I roved, wild heaths or woods among,
Thou, as my comforter, didst ay remain:
Rude minstrel!—Harp! what'er the fancy's
fain

To call thee—beautiful the spell
Thy sounds have flung around earth's every
pain:

E'en I—the meanest of the tuneful train,
Did muse in rapture o'er thy rustic shell—
And Hope, on tiptoe at the sound it made,
Leap'd up and smiled—yet, doubting, she again
Withdrew her timid hand, as half afraid
The uncouth ditty that she dared to bring,
Was all unworthy of so sweet a string!

August 11th, 1831.

SONNET—THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEPARTURE.

Do not, sweet syren! do not flee away—
Leave me not, dearest Philomel, alone—
Indulge me still with thy melodious lay—
I cannot love the grove when thou art gone!
Oh! tarry with me, and thy fondness own—
This haunt is sacred unto song and thee,
The spirit of heart-soothing melody;
I am a worshipper of every tone,
Of every trilling note in thy soft strain;—
Then, sweet bird! nigh my cottage deign to
dwell,
And I will woo thee, as a lover true—
'Tis summer yet, we must not bid adieu—
I would delay thee here—again, again
Indulge me with thy music, tender Philomel!

August, 1831.

ABBOTSFORD.—LETTER II.

I need not tell you with what joy we embraced Sir Walter's kind offer to accompany us in a drive round the country; but I am not sure that we did not feel "some whit dismayed" when the coachman, a steady, worthy man as ever cracked a thong, drove directly down a steep road, and plunged into the Tweed up to the axles. Now the stream had lost its silver hue a little, through the heavy rains on the moorlands, and looked in our eyes swollen, and even dangerous: the ford, too, was rough, and stony, and broad. The Poet, we have some suspicion, perceived our alarm, which we thought we kept to ourselves; for he began, even in the stream, to tell how rapidly and fiercely it often rose; and that on one occasion, after he had crossed it with a southern traveller, nearly to the saddle laps, he turned his bridle about on the bank, and desired his companion to observe how the growing waters were lifting the grass at the sides. "That ford, Sir," said he, "which we have just passed, will, in ten minutes, be unfordable to the best horse in Christendom."—"And, good God, Sir!" exclaimed the other, "why did you induce me to cross it?"—"Simply, Sir, because it was then quite safe."

On the other side of the Tweed we had a fine view of Abbotsford, and of all its policies and grounds. The whole is at once extensive and beautiful. The fast-rising woods are already beginning to bury the house, which is none of the smallest; and the Tweed, which runs within a gunshot of the windows, can only be discerned here and there through the tapestry of boughs. "An axe," as the Poet said, "judiciously applied, can remedy all this." A fine open-work Gothic screen, half conceals and half shows the garden as you stand in front of the house. It was the offspring of necessity, for it became desirable to mask an unseemly old wall, on which are many good fruit trees; yet is not the less an invention worthy of true genius, and we have no doubt will be extensively imitated. What we admired most about the estate, was the naturally-useful and elegant manner in which the great Poet has laid out the plantations,—first, with respect to the bounding or enclosing line—and secondly, with regard to the skilful distribution of the trees, both for the contrast of light and shade, and for the protection which the strong affords to the weak. We had smiled in our hearts when we heard that Scott prided himself as much, or more, on his skill in landscape gardening as in his genius for poem and tale;—when we saw his woods we smiled no longer, but

allowed his merit, and not the less readily that the whole realized our own ideas on this subject; for, though we have no land of our own, (the more's the pity!) we had often planted in imagination the land of our neighbour, and the woods which sprung up and flourished in our fancy resembled, in hue and outline, those of Abbotsford. The horizontal profile of the house is fine: crowded with towers and clustered chimnies, it looks half castle, half monastery: the workmanship, too, is excellent; indeed, we never saw such well-dressed, cleanly, and compactly laid whinstone course-and-gage in our life. It is a perfect picture!

We had now driven for nearly an hour up the course of the Tweed, when a house, half-hid among trees, became visible before us. This was Ashiesteel—a place endeared to all by the memory of the fine works written under its roof. Here the Poet resided nine years, and planned or perfected most of those noble poems which first made his name known over the world. He looked at its towers, and woods, and lawns; and we could see that his memory was busy with the past. Here, too, his children amused themselves with mimic gardens, and pursued those sports on the burn-banks and braes from which health and strength come. One pleasant broomy and greensward nook was pointed out where they loved to be when the sun was shining, sharing the place in imagination with the Fairies, with whom tradition had peopled it. Ashiesteel is altogether a beautiful place: fine hills arise everywhere around, and Tweed, yet unaugmented with some of its largest tributaries, runs close to the sloping bank on which the house stands. The Poet seemed desirous of showing us his old residence from the other side of the river, and accordingly we began to descend into the Tweed down a zig-zag road, which seemed fitter for wings than feet and wheels. To him the whole was quite familiar; and as we mastered a sharp angle in the way, he took that opportunity of telling us how his horses once took fright with him on that spot—rushed down the declivity into the Tweed—and when he expected that the river would cool their ardour, a flock of geese, who resented, with quack and clap of wing, this violent invasion of their domains, startled them so, that he soothed them with difficulty. We looked back on Ashiesteel as we ascended the acclivities on the other side, and moved our hat to it, as to a place we revered and might never see again. We passed through a fine country, half pastoral and half agricultural, and through the village of Gallashiels, once the abode of Peace and the Muses, and now the residence of the Demon of politics. It is, nevertheless, a pretty village, and owes not a little of its prosperity, as well as beauty, to its minister, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, who, during the great dearth of 1800 and 1801, laid out all his fortune on its starving people: it is also well known to the lovers of the Muse as the place which gives name to that sweetest of all the airs of Scotland, "Galla Water." We returned to Abbotsford through the Tweed; and during dinner discoursed on the scenery and history of this land of song and story.

Any spot on which Scott chose to set up his household banner could not fail to be renowned; but Abbotsford has much ancient as well as modern glory. The Huntly Burn,

on the banks of which Thomas of Erceuldoune had his most pleasant interview with the Queen of the Fairies, runs through the estate, and waters the garden, and passes the door of Chiefswood, the residence of Mr. Lockhart, of the *Quarterly Review*. The Eildon Hills, once one lofty eminence, but cleft into three by the magic wand of Michael Scott, stand beside Chiefswood, and overlook the country far and near. "The Broom of the Cowden-Knowes" waves, yellow or green, according to the season, on the hills which rise on the other side of the Tweed. On the table of Sir Walter we found a quagh, or drinking-cup, formed from this far-famed broom, and set richly in gold;—and we were moved nigh to tears with the story of a shipful of rustic emigrants, who, desiring to perpetuate, in the deserts of America, the memory of the Cowden-Knowes, carried away some living broom plants, not knowing, perhaps, that they would not grow in the land of their adoption. This is only equalled by that fine passage in 'Marmion,' where the Scottish exiles in the brakes of Kentucky, or the swamps of Susquehanna, recall in their songs the hills of Scotland. At no great distance lay Carter Ha, the scene of that wild and agreeable fiction, 'Tamlane';—Lammermoor, to which pilgrimages are made by those, and they are many, who take an interest in the sad story of the Master of Ravenswood, and Glendearg, the residence of Halbert Glendinning, and the Maid of Avenel. The hall where Miss Rutherford lived, who wrote 'I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,' is at no great distance; and nearer still is the house of Laidlaw, author of one of the sweetest songs of these our later days, known to all Scotsmen by the homely name of 'Lucy's flitting.' Moreover, Laidlaw was one of the guests at Abbotsford: he holds some station of honour and profit under the Minstrel Sheriff.

Sir Walter inquired in what district we had been travelling; we answered, in Dumfries and Galloway, where we had visited the wild shores of "caverned Colvend," the groves of Arbigland, the castle of Caerlaveroc, once the princely residence of the house of Maxwell—the houses of Blackwood, Friar's Carse, and Ellisland—Dalswinton, with all its woods—and Closeburn, with all its glens;—nor had we neglected to visit Creehope Linn, that most romantic of all dells or dingles, where we had stood on the very rock on which John Balfour of Burley, fought the devil. We had also seen the College of Lincluden and the Abbey of Sweetheart; nor were the Towers of Armsfield and Torthorald forgotten. "You must go," said the Poet, "to the top of the Eildon Hills, from whence you may see the scenes of forty-two songs, and ballads, and battles, all of old renown. You will see Ancram Muir, where Douglas defeated and killed Sir Ralph Ivers and Sir Brian Latoun, and exclaimed, as the armies closed, when a heron rose from the moss, 'O for my goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!' It is not long since the tombstone of Sir Ralph Ivers was found in Melrose: he burnt the Abbey, confound him! the day before. I wish he had thought of fighting the Douglas first." During this conversation the wine was placed on the table, and along with the wine, and to do us especial grace, as we believed, the ancient drinking quaghs or cups of the house of Scott were

produced, and into the most venerable the hand of the Poet poured the dearest and best of distillations, namely, whiskey. We raised it devoutly—we speak considerably—to our lips, and, when it was drained, we perceived in the bottom an antique Scottish coin, and were informed that we had drunk from the cup of that Scott who refused to cut his beard till the restoration of Charles the Second. Another cup was there, made from Queen Mary's yew-tree; besides others of equal renown—some large, some small, all elegantly formed, and hooped and brimmed with silver. We are lovers of cups—our best one is fashioned from the roof-tree of Alloway-kirk—the individual stick that "dirled" when the devil fiddled and the witches danced;—but now our favourite one shall be made from a laburnum of Abbotsford, planted by Sir Walter Scott's own hand, and presented to us by the hand of Miss Scott: the wood is beautiful, and the bottom shall be of silver and the brim of beaten gold.

When speaking of Abbotsford, we should say something of the sitting-room of the Poet's youngest daughter. There are books good store, and drawings not a few—many from the pencil of Turner; moreover, there was a stretching-frame, on which her needle was tracing, in various colours, the figure of a knight in the act of urging his courser to the charge;—there were no paste gems or frippery; yet all was strictly feminine. A fine compliment was paid her in our hearing by an old man at Melrose. "She's going abroad, I hear: she'll be muckle missed by us a', she does a deal of good in her ain kind quiet way." Mrs. Lockhart took the harp, and Sir Walter requested her to sing and play that ancient and moving strain, called the 'Fight of Otterburn.' There is a touch of the finest chivalry in this old ballad, and we attested with tears the pathos with which it was composed and sung. It may not be unworthy of noting, that we passed over the field of Otterburn on the anniversary of the day on which the battle was fought (30th July, 1388), and thought of the touching ballad, as we gazed on the gray stone which stands on the spot where Douglas of the Bracken Bush fell by an English arrow.

The name of Scott is written on every hill and tower and stone; or, to speak more plainly, the hills, and castles, and woods, and streams of this fine land, are mixed so with his poetry and prose, that at every step passages of his works are found to fit the localities. Nay, we follow the airy steps of his winged muse, and imagine we see all as she saw it. At Newark's ruined tower we halted with the Old Minstrel; and we knocked with Deloraine at the wicket of Melrose—heard his clanking steps in the cloisters—and beheld him tolling with the bar of iron to open the tomb of Michael Scott. Above all, we were struck with the wondrous accuracy with which these scenes are commemorated in his verse: the light and shade of his language is the light and shade of nature: he has not scattered epithets at random, nor bestowed beauty which is not deserved. But we must have done: we have overflowed all reasonable limits of correspondence. We shall ever remember Abbotsford and Chiefswood—the kindness that was shown, and the honour that was done us. We hope soon to see the Romance, of which Sir Walter dictated twenty pages, on the

second morning of our sojourning: we hope soon to see himself, and receive another welcome from his friendly right hand; and, above all, we wish long life and happiness to him:—he has done more for the glory of his native land than any other dozen of her sons.

C.

"HE LIES LIKE TRUTH."

ALTHOUGH we have been assured by a succession of moralists and philosophers, that human nature is everywhere the same, it took us some considerable time to assent to the truth of the proposition. We found such varieties of character, even in the circle of our acquaintance, that a superficial view of life induced us to consider that human nature was almost as Protean as Mr. Yates. No two people that we ever yet met with, could even relate the same incident to us, with any very great resemblance between their stories. One friend, in describing an accident, turns up his eyes with an internal shudder at the appalling nature of the scene: the husband has been thrown from his gig, while the agonized wife has cast herself out in the despair of the moment, and broken both her arms—the two children meanwhile retain their seats, and are found, by miraculous fortune, uninjured, when the horse is struck dead in its mad career by running against a stone wall. Our other friend, who was also a spectator, talks of it as a capital joke—the husband was over-balanced and escaped with a slight sprain of his ankle; the wife walked leisurely out of the vehicle, not missing one of the steps; and the two children were sound asleep, when the horse was stopped by an old Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg,—and the whole party re-assembled in a few minutes, and drove off in the greatest spirits, after bestowing a shilling upon the aforesaid pensioner for his exertions. Is human nature always the same in the eyes of our two excellent friends? We suspect she is—it was evident to both, that there were present on this occasion, a horse and gig, a man, his wife, and two children. These were the only natural objects; the appliances, and some of the circumstances, were supplied by the internal power. Happy power! which can thus render the most common occurrences the ground-work of the finest feelings,—which can cover the bare realities of life with the sweet flowers or the dismal forest of imagination,—which can see a Waverley Novel in a newspaper advertisement, and to which the list of bankruptcies in the Gazette, can "ope the sacred fount of sympathetic tears."

A German seems addicted by some peculiar conformation of mind, to discover in every event of life, the agency of witchcraft and the devil. If a stranger, a gentleman, we shall suppose, dressed in solemn sables, with a somewhat conceited jerk of his head, maintaining a rigid silence, proceeding, most likely, from his entire ignorance of the language, (for, be it known, this mysterious stranger is a first-classman from Oxford, or perhaps a senior wrangler from the sister University,) should such a person make his appearance in the good old town of Heidelberg—he becomes an object of greater curiosity than the Tun. Every one affixes some history, of his own imagining, to the mysterious traveller; but nine-tenths will give him credit for being Maugrabin or Beelzebub.

The week after, when conversation is beginning to flag about the suspicious visitor,—on the same spot, in the same attitude, with the same conceited jerk of his head, the same silence, and in the same style of dress, is seen a tutor from Trinity College, Dublin, so like in feature, manners and deportment, that no doubt is entertained of his being a double-ganger of the other. A hundred stories are now raised upon this slender foundation, and in a few months the public is affrighted with two huge volumes stuffed to the brim with diablerie and horrors. A Frenchman, on the other hand, sees nothing extraordinary in any one—if (forgive us the supposition!) in these days of exiled dynasties, his Infernal Majesty were to be forced to put his sulphureous mark to his abdication, and were to make his dim disrowned appearance in the Palais Royal, Paris would keep the even tenour of her way, or at the utmost write criticisms on his Majesty's dress. The milliners and tailors would be the sole imaginatives here,—and, instead of a three-volume novel in honour of the dethroned, there would be a revolution in the costumes: gowns à l'Enfer would supersede the ordinary dress;—and happy and rich would that tailor be, who could place after his name—Habit-maker, by appointment, to his Ex-Majesty The Devil.

The English, we are sorry to confess it, in every foreigner and stranger, see nothing but a fortune-hunter and swindler. The sound of an un-English pronunciation makes gruff John button up his pockets, and keep a watchful eye over the safety of his bandana. He neither thinks of Tartarus nor tailors, but straightway of his Exchequer-bills and daughters.

Of course there are great varieties in the modes of thought, upon these subjects, as well as all others. Some people have a fine oriental turn of mind, and can see the Great Desert in the park at Holkham. Their fancy teems with images of sterility or magnificence; they put their talents not indeed in a napkin, but in a turban, and think the highest honour in the world is the privilege of wearing green breeches. The other day we went into the Imperial Hotel in Covent-garden—while we waited for our hock and soda-water, we entered into conversation with a middle-aged gentleman, in a dark-coloured coat, who was sitting at the next table. In the course of our colloquy, he related an anecdote which he said had come under his own observation, while he was in Persia:—"A poor fellow, of the name of Ibrahim, was led one morning before the Cadi, whom I had myself gone to consult upon some business—I was struck with the appearance of the man. A fine bold expression of countenance gave effect to a figure of surpassing strength, and I waited impatiently to hear what his fault had been. An old woman soon appeared, who, making a profound obeisance to the Cadi, and, lifting up her veil, began her complaint against Ibrahim; and said that he had been the persecutor of her daughter Zobeide for several months past. He was, she confessed, the son of her husband's brother,—and though she had interdicted him from any intercourse with her family, her daughter Zobeide could never go to the mosque, without finding Ibrahim waiting for her at the door. He then entered into conversation with her, and accompanied her home, and even thrust himself into the house

along with her. The other night, on coming home from seeing a procession, in which the Commander of the Faithful appeared, she was surprised to find Ibrahim along with her daughter, though she had strictly forbidden her to receive his visits. She therefore had summoned him before the Cadi to answer for his conduct. The Cadi asked if the daughter Zobeide was also indignant at the behaviour of her cousin; and immediately a young girl stepped forward, and, after an obeisance, said, 'Ibrahim, my lord, is innocent: we were brought up together from childhood,—his father fell in fighting for the Schaw, and he lived with us ever after, like my mother's own son; but now my mother has found out for me a wealthier match, and wishes me to give up all acquaintance with the playmate of my youth.' On saying this, the fair Persian, who was indeed one of the loveliest women I ever saw, burst into tears, and threw herself into the arms of the now happy Ibrahim. The Cadi not only refused to interfere to hinder the meeting of the lovers, but used his influence with the old lady so well, that she even consented to accompany the youthful couple, who proceeded directly to the residence of the Mufti."

The middle-aged gentleman in the dark-coloured coat, got up on finishing his Persian anecdote, and, with a very civil bow, wished us good morning, and left the room. He had not gone above a minute, when we took up the paper he had been reading before the conversation began, and saw, under the head of Police Intelligence, the following notice:—

"John Jackson, a young man of very prepossessing appearance, was brought before the sitting magistrate at this office, on the charge of an old lady, of the name of Mrs. Andrews. She stated that the prisoner, who was her nephew, molested her daughter with his attentions on every possible occasion;—that though she had forbidden the slightest acquaintance between them, he watched her whenever she went to church, forced himself into conversation, and even persisted in accompanying her home. On the day of the opening of the London Bridge, where she had gone to see the King, (God bless him!) she was surprised, on coming home, to find the young people together. At last she could bear his behaviour no longer, and had given him in charge. The magistrate inquired if the daughter was as unwilling to submit to the society of the young man at the bar, as the old lady evidently wished her to be. On this a very pretty interesting girl came forward, and said, 'Oh, no! poor John and I were always together from our childhood. When his father was killed at Waterloo, he was brought up like my mother's own son. But she wants me now to marry an old man, who is far richer than my cousin,—but I won't—I won't indeed.' She laid her head on the shoulder of the delighted lover, and melted into tears.

"The magistrate under these circumstances refused to interfere, but pleaded the young people's cause so warmly, that Mrs. Andrews herself consented to the match; and it was agreed, before they left the office, that the marriage should take place as soon as possible."

Well, said we, after reading this paragraph, that old gentleman in the dark-coloured coat is either a very considerable liar, or human nature is perfectly the same in Ispahan and London.

SWAN RIVER.

We have received intelligence from Freemantle, in Western Australia, of so late a date as the 11th of March last. By these accounts we find that the Colony has in some degree recovered from the effects of the want of provisions, which had been nearly fatal to it. It appears that many labouring persons have been discharged by those who had not the means of employing them, and in consequence, numerous valuable members of the infant colony had left it dissatisfied and disappointed. Others, who ought never to have embarked in an enterprise so fraught with privation and difficulty as the founding of a new colony, having contrived to scrape together sufficient funds to defray the expenses of their passage to Van Diemen's Land, had departed either for that place, or the Cape of Good Hope. Another class, who necessarily met with disappointment, were the dreamers—men never brought up to any profession, who were impressed with a vague notion of speedily amassing a handsome fortune without the least trouble. Many of these have left the Colony without having strayed further from the sea-coast than the sea-port of Freemantle, and yet venture to pass such judgments on the soil and country, as would lead to the belief that they had not left one square acre unexplored. Two or three of these persons, who took their departure early, are now residing at the Cape, and have been the means of stopping several respectable settlers, who had means and capital sufficient to have done much good in the colony. The persons who have been thus waylaid and prevented from joining, heartily regret their credulity, as the accounts which they constantly receive of the Canning and Murray rivers, are very different indeed from those which induced them to stop on their voyage. Every report from the interior speaks in high terms of the nature of the country, more particularly between Swan River and King George's Sound. The Avon, a river running to the N.W., and lying to the N.E. of Swan River, has not yet been explored. The mouth of it has not been met with along the coast, at the distance of 200 miles from Swan River, so that it will afford a most interesting excursion to trace it down to the sea. King George's Sound has been added to the colony, and is a valuable acquisition. It is generally expected that this place will hereafter become the principal approach to the Swan River colony,—the harbours it possesses, though not capacious, are safe, and capable of improvement. The various journeys of discovery which are undertaken, are proceeding in this direction.

A very good spirit now pervades the generosity of the settlers; and provisions, with the exception of meat, being remarkably cheap, in consequence of a glut in the market, there is nothing like a complaint to be heard. The price of meat is 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. per pound, and has been even 2s. The visits of the men-of-war have tended considerably to raise the price of provisions. At any other time, such company would be desirable to the farmer, who might want a market for his surplus produce; but, at the present time, when the settler is dependent on the importation of the merchant, they could very readily be dispensed with.

We have seen a plan just published by the Admiralty, including Gage Roads, the entrance to Swan River, with a good deal of its interior, and the whole of Cockburn Sound. It is on a good scale, and will be valuable to ships bound there. The channels into the Sound are buoyed, and laid down so clearly, that, with the directions it contains, they might run in without a pilot. It is from a drawing made by Lieut. Roe, R.N., the Surveyor General to the Colony, who has already produced other valuable works of the same kind.

SALE OF THE MSS. OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

The announcement of the sale of these interesting MSS. did not excite so much attention as we had anticipated; however, competitors were not wanting yesterday, as we know to our sorrow, being at this moment ten guineas richer than we had hoped to have been. The manuscripts were all in Sir Walter Scott's handwriting, neat, clean, and in green morocco bindings. If they are, as reported, the first draughts of the works, we should think there is not a similar example of facility in composition. The erasures and alterations were so few, as in our judgment to take away much of the interest, that under other circumstances might be presumed to attach to the MSS. of such a man. The total produce of the sale was 317*l.*, and the prices of each lot, and the purchasers, as follows:—

The Monastery, bought by Mr. Thorpe, 18*l.*—*Guy Mannering*, Mr. Thorpe, 27*l.* 10*s.*—*Old Mortality*, 33*l.*—*The Antiquary*, Capt. Basil Hall, 42*l.*—*Rob Roy*, Wilks, M.P., 50*l.*—*Peveril of the Peak*, Mr. Cochrane, 42*l.*—*Waverley*, Wilks, M.P., 18*l.*—*The Abbot*, 14*l.*—*Ivanhoe*, Mr. Rumbold, 12*l.*—*The Pirate*, Molteno and Graves, 12*l.*—*The Fortunes of Nigel*, 16*l.*—*Kenilworth*, Wilks, M.P., 17*l.*—*The Bride of Lammermoor*, Capt. Basil Hall, 14*l.* 14*s.*

INVESTITURE OF THE BELGIAN SOVEREIGNS.

This ceremony was formerly celebrated in as many towns as there were provinces in the Netherlands. Some curious customs were observed; at Ghent, for instance, after the oaths had been mutually exchanged, the representative of the sovereign took possession of the Earldom of Flanders, by ringing a little bell, which was hung against the side of the canopy, three times in succession; and at Mons, he advanced to Saint Wandru's altar, to claim the fiefs, which were described in the acts fastened to the saint's trappings, and this done, embraced each of the canons by turns.

A long interval had elapsed since the Belgian sovereign had claimed the investiture in person, when the present Emperor of Austria made his appearance at Brussels on the 9th of April 1794, ostensibly for the purpose of being inaugurated as Duke of Brabant and Limburg, but in reality with a view to stimulate the ardour of his Belgian vassals in the war with which he was threatened by the French republic. The ceremony of his inauguration took place on the 23rd of that month, on the very spot, † where King Leopold has received the homage of his new subjects.

The records of this ceremony are still extant among the national archives; and mention is there made of an occurrence, which forms an amusing addendum to the annals of etiquette. It was customary for the members of the states of Brabant to remain covered during the inauguration; but Francis having intimated that his dignity, as head of the Holy Roman Empire and proprietor of several other sovereignties, would suffer manifest detriment, if they did not uncover in his presence, they consented to forego their privilege, on condition, that he should declare, no prejudice should thereby accrue to its future assertion. This bargain produced the following missive from the Arch-Duke Charles, who was then Governor-General of the Austrian Netherlands:—

"Very reverend, and reverend Fathers in God, right dear and well-beloved nobles!—

"Having reported to the Emperor and King the resolutions, into which you have entered, to abstain from covering yourselves in the presence of the August Head of the Empire, we transmit

† The Place Royal, at Brussels.

to you this present letter, for the purpose of acquainting you, in his name, that His Majesty, being very sensibly alive to the feelings, of which this resolution has afforded him a proof, has authorized us to declare, that the act of deference towards him, now done, shall not any way prejudice the indefeasible right, which the states possess, of covering themselves at all inaugurations, &c."

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

August 16.—A paper was read 'On the Cultivation of the Vine,' communicated through the Ipswich Horticultural Society. It principally consisted of detailed accounts of the modes of practice pursued by Mr. Smith, gardener to D. Alexander, Esq., of Ipswich, and of the advantages which would arise from having a moveable trellis inside the vinery, by which the branches could be moved, according to the season, to a greater or less distance from the glass.

We observed on the table seven sorts of pears, four sorts of apples, two varieties of plums, three sorts of peaches, Brunswick figs, white Spanish and Tripoli onions, and a collection of flowers from the Society's garden; various very handsome flowers, from Mrs. Garnier's, at Wickham, Hants; and an excellent sweet melon of Ispahan, from the garden of John Motteux, Esq., at Beachamwell.

William Scrope, Esq. and Mrs. Mostyn were elected Fellows of the Society.

FINE ARTS

ANCIENT PALACE OF WESTMINSTER—ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, ETC.

AN exhibition of Cosmorama and Diorama Views of the Ancient Palace of Westminster, of St. Stephen's Chapel, the Palace at Brighton, and of the Coronation Ceremonials of his late Majesty, has been lately opened in Pall Mall East. The ten views of the Coronation and the Pavilion, are mere peep-show affairs—they might please children, and therefore ought to have been shown, if at all, at a penny a head, at some corner of some retired street in the neighbourhood. The restorations, however, are of very different merit, and were to us exceedingly interesting. Mr. Lee, by whom, or under whose direction, the drawings have been made, has been long connected with the Board of Works, and was superintendent of the numberless alterations that have of late years taken place in and about the Houses of Parliament. It is very evident from the descriptive catalogue, that he is an enthusiast in all things relating to our architectural antiquities—he writes about St. Stephen's with a splendid pomp, as if all the mention that was ever made of that celebrated place, had reference to its stone walls—the discovery of a Saxon window in the old palace of Westminster, gladdens his heart—and we learn, that on pulling down the courts of law, "great discoveries" were made! We say this in perfect good-humour, for though the style be a little extravagant to us dull unimaginative people, it is in the right spirit of an antiquary. Your real antiquary is the only true lover; his affection "like the Propontic Sea," knows no ebb—he carries his young enthusiasm through life—writes sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, with a palsied hand and spectacles on his nose;—and we judge from the catalogue, and the patient and indefatigable perseverance which the drawings prove, that Mr. Lee is of the true breed—a descendant, we imagine, of an intermarriage between John Carter and a daughter of Sylvanus Urban. We assure those of our readers who are at all curious in early architecture, that some of the drawings are extremely interesting.

PITT'S STATUE.

The pedestal for this long-expected statue was erected during the last week in Hanover Square, and the figure has just taken its place on the summit. The former is composed of solid blocks of granite, and rises to the height of fifteen feet, and the latter is twelve feet high, clad in a magnificent robe, which covers, without concealing the form and posture of the figure. It will look like a man at any distance: we wish we could say as much of some others. It is the second bronze statue produced from the foundry of Chantrey, and seems a clean and sound cast. The artist has placed it so that it can be seen from Bond Street and Regent Street, and as it looks down George Street, it will be seen by many people. We dislike large squares for statues—no places under the sun are equal to Whitehall and Charing Cross.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Countess Grey and her daughters, now, Ladies Durham and Bulcel. Sir Thomas Lawrence. Samuel Cousins. Colnaghi, Son & Co.

At this dull period of the season, when so little is seen to delight our eyes appertaining to the fine arts, this print is indeed a treat—it is one of the sweetest of Sir Thomas's compositions—each head is a gem of itself. We have often noticed Mr. Cousins's productions with commendation; and it may be said of the present, that it equals in execution, either his plate of 'Pope Pius,' or the 'Master Lambton'—the son of the elder young lady in this picture.

The Earl of Aberdeen. Sir Thomas Lawrence. S. Cousins. Colnaghi, Son & Co.

In the plate above reviewed, we see what Sir Thomas could do with the heads of ladies and of children, and in this we have a fine example of his works in the portrait of a gentleman—it is elegant in composition, easy in attitude, and the accessory parts are arranged with great taste. The likeness is most striking—it may be safely quoted as one of Sir Thomas's finest male portraits. Mr. Cousins deserves again all praise for his excellence in the engraving.

Christ Crowned with Thorns. Drawn on Stone by F. Wilkin, from a Painting by Ludovico Carracci.

Mr. Wilkin seems resolved that our admiration of his talent shall not grow cool from forgetfulness. It is only a few weeks since we spoke in terms of the highest praise of his first work; we have since reported on the fine heads, large as life, of Wordsworth and Lockhart; and here is a copy from an old master more powerful in its general effect than any work we remember to have seen in lithography. The fact, we believe to be, that Mr. Wilkin, having once determined to draw on stone, was just as competent to do so in one month as if he had been long practising; all his previous life has been passed in preparatory study that was available for this new branch of art; his chalk drawings have long been celebrated, and he has, perhaps, made more crayon portraits, the size of life, than any ten men living; he had, therefore, only to overcome the mere mechanical difficulty of drawing on the stone, and all that was admired in his chalk drawings became manifest in his lithographic works.

Visits of William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the year 1827. No. 4.

A naval work in these days of naval sovereignty, is sure of patronage—but this deserves it. There is so much fidelity in Mr. Moses's views, that truth becomes their character, and we admire and are delighted with them, for the very

absence of all picturesque effects and the customary display of art.

Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw. Part 6. London. Pickering.

This work increases in beauty and interest. The specimen from the Harleian Lib. 4965, is not unlike some of the scroll ornaments at Pompeii—and those from Queen Mary's Psalter are very curious.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE UNDER THE LATE MANAGER.

The following is a comparative Statement of the principal Performers who have appeared at the King's Theatre during the late Management. Its correctness may be relied on; and to those of our readers who are curious in such matters, it may serve as a pleasant memento of the past, and occasionally as a useful reference hereafter.

1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.
Opera.	Opera.	Opera.	Opera.
WOMEN.	WOMEN.	WOMEN.	WOMEN.
Pasta	Sontag	Malibran	Pasta
Sontag	Malibran	Blasis	Paton
Schutze	Monticelli	Lalande	Lalande
Caradori	Pisaroni	Petralia	Vesperman
Branbilla	Specchi	Specchi	Ayton
Castelli	Castelli	Castelli	Beck
			Filiani
MEN.	MEN.	MEN.	MEN.
Curioni	Donzelli	Donzelli	Curioni
Zuchelli	Curioni	Curioni	David
Velluti	Zuchelli	Lablache	Rubini
Torri	Bordogni	Ambrogini	Lablache
Porto Pellerini	Galli	Santini	De Begnis
De Angeli	Gratiani	Deville	Santini
Deville	Le Vasseur	De Angeli	De Angeli
	Deville		Deville
	De Angeli		
<i>Ballet.</i>	<i>Ballet.</i>	<i>Ballet.</i>	<i>Ballet.</i>
Anatole Mde.	Pauline	Taglioni	Taglioni
Brocard	Vague Moulin	Julie Valreones	Montessi
Le Compte	lin	Brocard	Brocard
Angelica	Le Compte	Clara	Clara
Dupuis	Rinaldi	Clara	Zoe Beaupre
Court	Fenn	Athalie	Kouriel
O'Brien	Perez	Coulon	Couppote
Albert	Pucche	Gosselin	Paul
Boisgerard	Gosselin	Frederick	Lefebvre
Bournonville	Coulon	Perrot	Emile
D'Aumont	Frederick	Leon	Deshayes
Gosselin	Deshayes	Deshayes	(B. M.)
	(Ballet Mas.)	(B. M.)	

Of the foregoing list, Monticelli, Petralia, and Vesperman, among the women singers, were decided failures in the rank to which they aspired. Schutze and Lalande did not meet with the success their real merit entitled them to, they having both, in their own country, been more highly, and, in truth, more justly appreciated, than by ourselves, particularly Lalande, who was, at Milan, the admired of all admirers, and, at one time, almost owned a divided empire with Pasta herself.

Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran, have, however, each in her turn, shone the ruling stars of the time, and their brightness has obscured every lesser light.

The men have shared a mitigated and more equally-divided fame—in hardly any instance, with respect to them, has admiration reached to rapture, or applause to rhapsody. Yet, in our own judgment, Rubini possessed a power and quality that touched the passionate lover of art more deeply than any singer, male or female, we ever heard. His voice was not so much an organ of sound as of sentiment—the soul's own perfect utterance. And yet Rubini, although he received good measure of applause from the many, appeared to be rightly comprehended only by the few, in whom a feeling was excited, too deep to vent itself in outward or tumultuous tokens.

Next to Rubini, among the males, rank Donzelli, Velluti, David, Zuchelli, and Curioni; neither must we forget Lablache, the real primo

buffo of the age, who, both as a singer and actor, presented an union of excellence that will not easily be rivalled. Indeed, nature does not every day furnish forth a subject with such materials—such a form (capacious of sound as the Haarlem organ)—such an acre of face, with such a crop of humour upon it—such a voice, or rather torrent of sound, with such a mouth to discharge itself at. Truly, he was a pleasant fellow; and go where he may, we hope he will enjoy a large measure of that cheerfulness, that, both as an artist and a man, he diffused so largely to others.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Non più mesta: composed by Rossini; arranged for the Pianoforte by E. C. Vernetti. Cramer & Co.

This is the very delightful finale to 'Cenerentola,' adapted in a familiar and clever manner for the use of teachers and their pupils. Rossini's graceful melody is varied in a showy style; and care has been especially taken with the expression and musical punctuation.

Patriotic Songs: dedicated to the King, by Agnes and Susanna Strickland. Music by J. Green. J. Green.

A clever book, creditable to the hearts and heads of both ladies. The words are of the Didion school, calculated to awaken and keep alive the best feelings of patriotism. The song beginning 'The Monarch of Old England,' is a capital idea. But 'The Life-Boat' is the pride of the volume. The idea is as excellent as it is new; and the execution is good and spirited. This song has also the best music to it, but yet justice is not done to it. We like Mr. Green better as a publisher than a composer. Still he is not without merit.

Teutonic Melodies.—No. I. Johanning & Co.

The first of a series of twelve, as the publishers inform us: with English words by Mr. George Dance, and Symphonies and Accompaniments by Miss Dance. A good beginning. The melody is simple and pretty, the words appropriate, and the symphonies, &c. in good taste.

THEATRICALS

ENGLISH OPERA.—ADELPHI.

A one-act trifle was produced here on Monday last, called 'Arrangement.' It is a translation from the French, by the indefatigable Don T. de Trueba; but whether or not it be an improvement upon its original, we, not knowing the original, cannot pretend to say. It is indeed a veritable trifle—almost all froth, but yet without spirit. The plot turns upon a meddling propensity entertained by Tom Trim (Mr. Wrench), which he calls "arrangement." By indulging in this, he contrives to arrange every body's business except his own, having, at the close of the piece, shut himself out of all his expectations, including his marriage with his intended. This, however, he seems to care but little about, contenting himself with the reflection that, though he loses by it, he has, at least, had the pleasure of arranging it all. As we said before, we know nothing of the manufacture of the French piece from which the materials were cut for the garb in which it now appears. Suffice it to say, that, although its English dress be thin, it is, perhaps, not too much so for the present warm season; and that, although the petticoats (Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Pincott) have little or nothing to do with it, the stay is Mr. Wrench, whose admirable bustle gave form and support to the whole. It was well received.

Another novelty was presented at this house on Thursday evening, being a romantic musical drama in two acts, called 'The Evil Eye.' We

are prevented from giving any detailed notice of it till next week, but it is our duty to record that it was highly successful; and Mr. Peake has, on very many occasions, deserved so well of the theatrical portion of his country, that such duty becomes particularly pleasing to us. There is a vast deal of excellent matter about it, though it is not put together in quite so workman-like a style as we have been accustomed to from this author. When it is cur-tailed and dove-tailed, which are all that it wants, it will doubtless concentrate and consolidate the applause which was very liberally bestowed on various parts of it on Thursday. It was well supported in all the departments of acting, music, and scenery.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

The Olympic Theatre, which will re-open early in October (on the 1st, we believe), appears to have a brilliant prospect before it, for its second campaign under Madame La Maréchale. Wonders will never cease with regard to theatrical changes, or perhaps, we should say, all changes have ceased to be wonderful. If Majors will be Minors, Minors must, in their own defence, try to be Majors. Another secession, of vital importance to the interest of whichever of the larger theatres would have possessed him, has taken place in the person of Mr. Liston, who has enlisted under the banners of the victorious Maréchale. This was rumoured some months ago, but, at that time, it was not true.

Report says, that Drury Lane Theatre is making extraordinary efforts to indemnify itself against the increasing attraction of the Minors; and that the beauties of Shakspeare are to give way to the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and even the reptiles of the forest: we have not heard that any fish are engaged, but we think they ought not to be neglected. In these hard times there is doubtless pressure under water as well as on shore; and we venture to assert, that in the thickly-inhabited districts of the North Sea, there is many a poor sole with a whole roe of children out of employment.

MISCELLANEA

A whole Family frozen to death.—A correspondent gives us the following melancholy statement of the effects of cold in America. On the Great Prairie, in the State of Illinois, a family, consisting of a man and woman with six children, who were travelling across it last winter, were found literally frozen to death. The condition in which they were discovered, if possible, adds still more to the shocking scene. A little child was clasped in the mother's arms, and five others lay around her. An axe and flint were found in the hands of the father, by which it would appear he had been endeavouring to strike a light and make a fire. Four horses, which were with them, were lying dead in their harness, and a part of the waggon had been cut into small pieces for fuel.

Gas from Water.—An illuminating gas is said to have been discovered at Birmingham, superior to all others, and obtained from water.

An Old Maid.—We trust, that it is no offence to tender ears, to use this appellation, when speaking of a maiden, who died in Poland last year, after attaining to her one hundred and twenty-fourth year! She came into the world, and took her leave of it, on the selfsame spot,—the village of Drzezin. Her youth and advanced age were both endowed with a greater portion of health than falls to the common lot; so much so indeed, that, on the very Sunday before she died, she walked three miles to attend divine service. Her memory was so tenacious, that she could recall the most trivial circumstances, which had occurred to her during the

last century of her life.—Peace be to her maiden ashes!

Greece.—M. Palæologus, who established an experimental farm near Tyrinth, at the expense of the Greek government, a twelvemonth ago, has been running regular stage-coaches twice a day between Napoli di Romania and Argos, ever since the 1st of June last. It is the first establishment of the kind ever set on foot in Greece. Post-office bags conveyed by man and horse, and packet-boats have for a long time been regularly despatched from Napoli. A reading club was to be opened in that town in July last, for which about a thousand volumes of the standard classics of ancient and modern Greece, England, and France, were already collected. Scarcely a ship arrived from Trieste, or Marseilles, without bringing a carriage of the most fashionable make, for the use of the more affluent among its inhabitants.

Population; United States.—The result of the official Census, up to the end of December last, shows, that there are at this moment six and forty towns in the United States, whose population exceeds five thousand souls. New York, which has 213,170 inhabitants, takes the precedence; then follow, Philadelphia, 161,412; Baltimore, 80,519; and Boston, 70,464. Of cities, possessing above 20,000 souls, there are four; above 10,000, eleven; above 8000, six; above 7000, three; above 6000, eleven; and above 5000, six, of which latter class, York, with a population of 5205, occupies the lowest rank. The total number of inhabitants, in these six and forty towns, is 971,457 of both sexes.

Rail-roads in Canada.—While we are planning and working rail-roads here, our countrymen in Canada are no less busy on the same subject. We find that leave has been granted to introduce a bill into the House of Assembly for constructing a rail-road between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, opposite to Montreal.

In the Spanish literary journal *El Correo*, for July, there is a prodigiously long description of the exhibition of the products of Spanish industry and manufactures, which now takes place there every year under the especial protection of the king. There are, seemingly, every kind of manufacture, from steam-engines to transparent soap; carriages, carpets, tanned leather of many kinds, from the common to the Morocco; cloths of various qualities, chemical products, water-proof and light hats, Indian-rubber surgical instruments, musical instruments, and many other things, that we should hardly have believed were manufactured in Spain.

A new Hydraulic Machine.—A Spanish artist has invented a hydraulic machine, by which water may be conveyed with the utmost facility from the ground to the roof of a house, through leaden pipes. The Duke of Infantado, who has patronized the invention, has had the machine tried at his own palace at Madrid, and, according to the Spanish journal, *El Correo*, the trial has been very successful. The machine is said to be very simple, but is not described. It cannot fail to be useful in case of fire, particularly in Spain, where wells are so common both in private houses and public buildings.

Cat Bird.—In passing through the woods in summer, (says Wilson,) I have sometimes amused myself with imitating the violent chirping or squeaking of young birds, in order to observe what different species were around me,—for such sounds, at such a season, in the woods, are no less alarming to the feathered tenants of the bushes, than the cry of fire or murder in the streets, is to the inhabitants of a large and populous city. On such occasions of alarm and consternation, the cat bird is the first to make his appearance, not singly, but sometimes half-a-dozen at a time, flying from different quarters

to the spot. At this time, those who are disposed to play with his feelings may almost throw him into fits, his emotion and agitation are so great, at the distressful cries of what he supposes to be his suffering young. Other birds are variously affected; but none show symptoms of such extreme suffering. He hurries backwards and forwards, with hanging wings and open mouth, calling out louder and faster, and actually screaming with distress, till he appears hoarse with his exertions. He attempts no offensive means; but he bewails—he implores—in the most pathetic terms with which nature has supplied him, and with an agony of feeling which is truly affecting. Every feathered neighbour within hearing hastens to the place, to learn the cause of the alarm, peeping about with looks of consternation and sympathy. But their own powerful parental duties and domestic concerns soon oblige each to withdraw. At any other season, the most perfect imitations have no effect whatever on him.—*American Ornithology.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 11	73 56	29.90	N.W.	Clear.
Fr. 12	75 56	Stat.	N.	Ditto.
Sat. 13	73 56	Stat.	N.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 14	72 53	29.88	Var.	Ditto.
Mon. 15	72 55	Stat.	Var.	Ditto.
Tues. 16	70 58	Stat.	N.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 17	73 55	Stat.	N.W.	Rain, &c.

Prevaling Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 64°. Nights and mornings fair. Terrible storm of thunder and lightning on Wednesday, P.M.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon and Venus in conj. on Thursday at noon. — in Apogee on Wednesday, 11h. Venus's geocen. long. on Wed. 8° 4' in Libra. Mars's — 6° 20' in Virgo. Jupiter's — 16° 31' in Aquarius. Length of day on Wed. 14h. 23m.; decreased, 2h. 6m. Sun's horary motion, 2' 24". Logarithmic number of distance on Saturday, .0053514.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Further extracts from the "Garrick Papers" next week.

Thanks to Edway.—S. A. "The Spirit's Echo." We are greatly obliged by our friend's continued kindness.

R. S. We will consider the subject. D. G. We were aware of it. There can be no doubt of the object. Several of the letters have been collected, and we understand the most active means are being taken to trace them, and with good hopes of success; but we do not choose to interfere.

We are obliged to R. G. S.; but a very full report of the paper read at the Geographical Society, by Mr. Barrow, of the Descent of the Landers down the Quorra, appeared in this Paper so long back as the 2nd July.

Other Correspondents next week, if possible.

We request that our old subscribers will complete their sets as early as possible; and as it does not appear to be generally known among them, we think it well to add, that the *previous numbers are all reduced in price to fourpence*. A monthly part, of four numbers, equal to two common octavo volumes, now costs only sixteenpence; and the demand for these, consequent on the great increase of our subscribers, will make it impossible for us to supply single papers after a few days.

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